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THE STATE AGAINST ELLSWORTH.

By William R. Lighton.

FROM the beginning of the career of Brown's Hotel in Marston, each annual volume of its inky and thumb-soiled desk-register had been but a periodical instalment of the long serial story of hard times. And that was a story quite in the modern fashion—a deadly monotonous level of ragged, knotty fact. This level was broken within each year by only two or three little knolls of seasonal activity upon which old Brown could mount from the valley of the shadow of pennilessness into the sunlight of that happy altitude where dollar may be heard to chink against dollar.

The fall term of the district court within and for Phillips County formed one of those rare hummocks of kindly circumstance. There was also a spring term, but that did not amount to much; for Phillips was an agricultural county, and in May the farmers were too busy to harbor a litigious mood. Before November the year's cropping was well out of the way, and time dragged. There was then a general desire for some gently exhilarating amusement. In a remote farming neighborhood, going to law with one's friends is often the only possible means of adequate diversion. In such cases, litigation does not imply crying need for justice; rather, a need for such agitation of the blood as will prevent its growing stagnant in the veins. The sheriff's summons in a promising legal controversy is as attractive as a gay circus poster.

The November term of 1893 was to be formally opened upon Tuesday. For several preceding days an alien cleanliness had held possession of the old hotel building, to the vast discomfort of its regular corps of boarders "by the week." For the most part, these were railroaders and clerks in the town stores. By reason of the fact that they were fed and lodged cheaply, they were not considered as entitled to be querulous concerning dirt and dilapidation, which are ever the natural earned increment of cheap poverty. But to the bar of the district, whose members paid day rates, there was due some largess. The bare floor of the bare main room had been scrubbed until it bristled with coarse splinters standing irritably erect. The dingy boxes dispersed plentifully about for the convenience of those who spat had experienced their semi-annual replenishing with fresh sawdust; the battered counter was covered with new oilcloth; the cigar-case had taken on the rare dignity of two or three full boxes of higher-priced cigars, whose gaudy labels were free of fly-specks. Worthy climax to a noteworthy upheaval, old Brown himself no longer lounged negligently over his outspread arms upon the counter, but was stiffly upright within an armor of starched bosom and rasping collar. His face was changed from its habitual unkempt dullness, and held something of that dynamic quality which pertains to the clean-shaven and the combed. The whole place bore the appearance of a newly and violently reformed sot.

On Sunday, after the week of unwonted agitation with brush, broom, and mop, the hotel rested in a state of hushed expectancy. On Monday morning, the guests began to arrive from distant towns in the district, and throughout the day there was a cumulative animation. By the time the early night had

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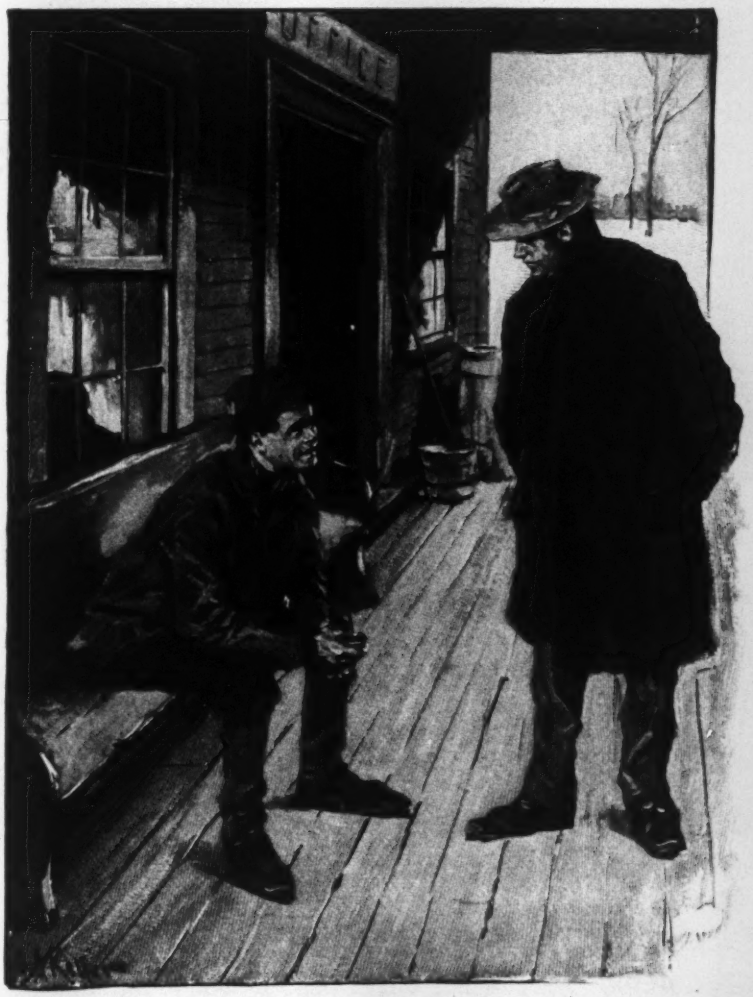
DISCUSSING THE NEW JUDGE.

closed in, the sleepy old building was buzzing deliriously with many voices. The dining-room girls were all in commotion, like hens in a sudden hailstorm; old Brown himself, officiating at the desk, was vainly trying to grasp the situation with mental fingers which were all thumbs. But with a few exceptions, the guests were not captious; they were well used to the county-seat hotels upon the prairie. Those who had supped were gathering cheerfully in the office; those who were still to sup, while they awaited the second call from the dining-room, were empty listeners to the chaffing and bantering of the full.

One topic in particular ran obbligato-like over and through and around the multiplicity of themes which made up the medley of conversation. Since the last assembling of court in this county, a new judge had been chosen by the people of the district, and the present term was to constitute his *début*. Lawyers, who have to do with myriad phases of men and affairs, by and by grow a little skeptical of the soundness of popular judgment as expressed at the polls; for public opinion is very fluid, and though it is seen to ebb and flow, the laws of its tides are incalculable. As witness: John Brooke, the new judge, was a Populist, whereas the district had been for more than twenty years unvaryingly Republican. He had been swept into office upon the crest of one of those waves of public sentiment which rolled across the Western prairies in the years not long gone.

He was comparatively unknown, as are most men who rise to prominence in time of critically sudden revolution in politics. He lived in the most obscure and thinly populated county of the district, at its extreme western end. There he had picked up piecemeal his education in letters and in law, and there he had been admitted to practice hardly ten years before his selection by the new party as its candidate for judicial honors. His had been but an ordinary country practice—rather poorer and more limited than the average, indeed, if campaign tales were to be believed. Because of the poverty of his town and county in large litigation, his routine work as a collector of commercial accounts had been supplemented by desultory employment as a solicitor for insurance and as agent in such occasional real-estate transactions as were made necessary by the shifting interests of a first generation on new soil. When now and then his business brought him in contact with older men in other towns, they got a distinct impression that he was honest—an honesty which most were inclined

to attribute to his untried youth rather than to an enduring earnestness of purpose. Such judgment was rendered plausible by experience with Western methods in public life. At the time of his nomination, and while it was undreamed that there was any serious threat in the campaign of the new party, Brooke had suffered considerable neglect and inattention at the hands of those who were credited with weight of authority in the district politics. But he had taken to the stump himself, and in the course of a month or so the passive smile upon the faces of the leaders of the opposition had given place to a puzzled frown. There was then a belated overhauling of his "record," which was found to be speckless. There was no recourse save to that unfailing weapon of him whose armory is otherwise depleted—that mere burlesque on the art and name of argument—invective. His opponents talked aggressively of Brooke's youthful simplicity, and of his poor equipment in the wiles and artifices which are supposed to be the needful possessions of the office-holder. There were stories told by the Republicans—most of them true—to illustrate his childlike character and freedom from craft. Brooke had not replied to these, but had confined himself in his speeches to a painstaking discussion of public affairs as they had been administered in the past, and as they were to be administered under the new *régime*. The end justified him. The people appeared to have conceived a sudden passion for candor and simplicity in high places. Perhaps they saw, beneath his mantle of artlessness, a certain large-dimensioned sagacity; perhaps it was only an evidence of the unfailing Western appetite for change; at any rate, they seemed more than willing to take their chances with this man who was dubbed an enthusiastic vagarist, and he had closed his campaign with a substantial majority in every county.



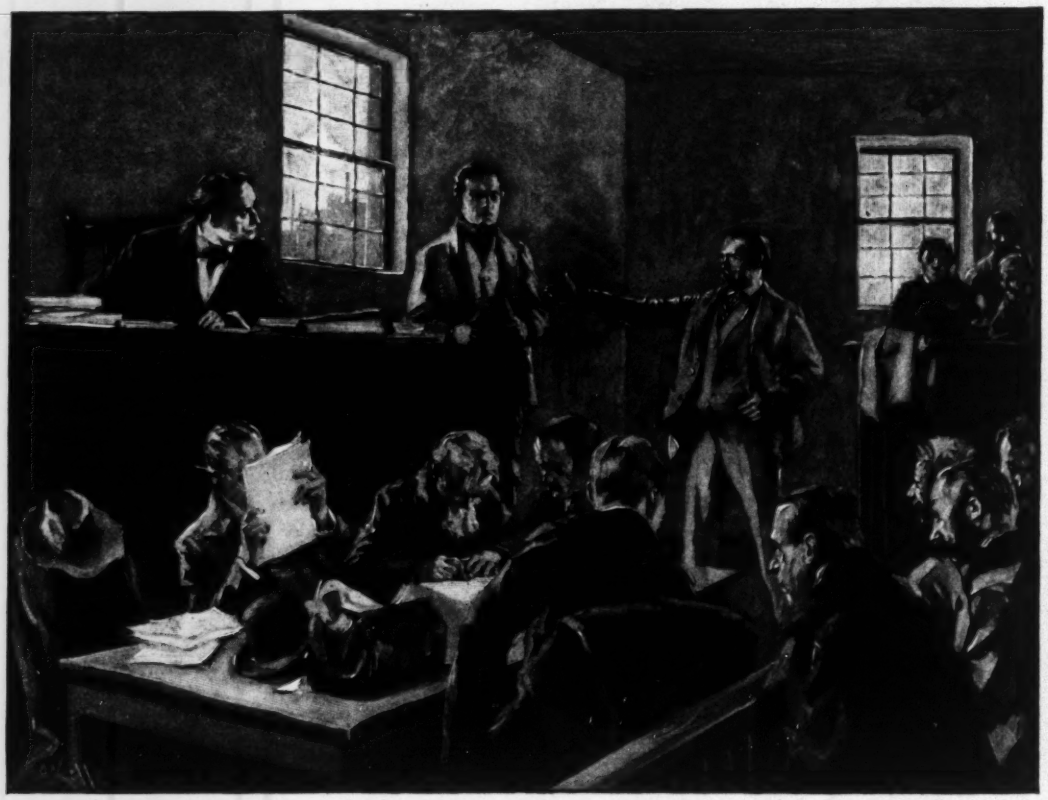
"'NO,' HE SAID FRANKLY. 'IT'S WORSE THAN THAT. I'M A SUBJECT FOR A JURY.'"

At supper-time, on this Monday night, he had not yet reached Marston, but was due to arrive on a later train. In the interim there was a buzz and whisper of comment, speculation, and prophecy on the part of those who were already assembled. The dominant note in the chorus was a note of doubt.

Judge Stillings had just bought generously of cigars from one of the fresh boxes in the case. One, newly lighted, he held in his bearded lips; the others he was bestowing through several pockets. In complexion, beard, and hair he bore the

pepper-and-salt aspect of late middle age. In point of virility and in extent of practice he held a leading place at the bar of the district. He had once held the office now to be occupied by Brooke, and, after the American manner, he kept a life interest in the title of Judge. One may surrender the emoluments of the judicial office, but the concomitant dignity is an enduring perquisite. This dignity was eked out in Stillings's case by a habit of silence; the power of tongue was well conserved, while eyes and lips were made to hint large things—a policy which pays substantial dividends to him who has to deal with the innocent and the gullible. Even when among his acuter brethren this habit clung to him. As he listened to the rise and fall of comment concerning Brooke, his face was a study in expression of repressed wisdom. But by and by he spoke:

"You boys are needlessly wrought up. Brooke is all right, let me tell you."



"'I KNOW HIM, JUDGE, . . . I'VE KNOWED HIM A GOOD WHILE—'"

The hum of converse ebbed toward silence, so that none of Stillings's rare words might be lost.

"He's all right," Stillings repeated. "The success of the Populists doesn't signify any great disaster, in the matter of a judge. Whatever his personal notions, a trial judge isn't an autocrat. Stock-breeders say an occasional crossing of blood is good for the health of a herd; why shouldn't it be so in politics? I'm not very sorry to see it. Brooke is all right—perfectly safe."

There followed a little settling and clarifying of the air, and a silence which was tacitly meant to be filled by further speech from Stillings.

"What if he is young and new?" that worthy questioned. "Every man begins young. Maybe we haven't caught a Solomon, but neither have we got a fool. I think we're in great luck, for my part. He's got a good brain. Of course it isn't filled to the brim yet; but that's a good thing, too. I'm afraid of a trial judge whose head is so full there's no room for anything more. Brooke has one good quality; he's got good clear ideas as to what he calls 'natural justice.' Any lawyer who tries a case before him will have to play fair. If I had a case with right on my side, no matter how contrary the evidence might be, I'd like to try it before Brooke. I'd be sure of getting all I de-

"ELLSWORTH STOOD STILL, LIFTING HIS HAT WITH A LITTLE GESTURE OF REVERENCE."

served. That's the way I size him up. I say he's all right."

"But, Judge," some one ventured out of the background of the group, "they say his library has only a dozen or so of text-books, and that he's almighty green on pleading and practice."

"Maybe," Stillings answered shortly. "The books in a man's library don't cut much ice. It's a fact, though; I saw his library myself. It *was* short on the calf-bound, and decidedly long on political economy and—and poetry." Stillings's usually cramped smile widened a little.

"Poetry!" another voice repeated, with an unpleasant accent. "What's that for? I suppose he'll be charging his juries in blank verse, and rendering judgment in hexameter."

"Maybe," Stillings repeated, still more shortly. "Oh, Smith, you're a little raw yourself there. Poetry's all right; there's lots of good hard sense in poetry. And then, besides, he had a shelf full of philosophy—Greeks—Plato, and Æschylus, and —and—those fellows." Stillings's intentions were better than his memory. "I suppose he will be a little shy on pleading and practice—naturally. And we can make it rather unpleasant for him on that score, likely, if we're a mind to; or we can help him out, if we're a mind to. For my part, for the credit of the district, I'd like to see things go along smooth. And you listen to this, once more: He's no fool. Hello, Sheriff; what's the matter with you? You don't look happy."

The sheriff of the county, a big-boned, slouching fellow, had entered hurriedly, and was scanning the faces of the assemblage from under the brim of his wide felt hat. His scrutiny seemed to give him no satisfaction.

"Has anybody seen Jimmy Ellsworth that knows him?" he asked at large. None answered, and he pushed his way to the door of the dining-room, peering about anxiously; then he turned again to the company in the office. "Jimmy said he'd come in to-day," he drawled; "but I ain't saw him. It ain't like Jimmy to go back on his word. Durn me! I'm too plague-taked easy with these fellers. I'm goin' to quit it; hear me?"

A smile lay upon several faces—faces of those who knew the big sheriff and his foibles.

"Jimmy's always kep' his word with me," the officer complained. "He's a good fel-

ler. But of course this is different. There wa'n't no fit place to put a clean man in the jail. Jail ain't just to say air-tight, nohow. An', then, Jimmy said he had corn an' such to be looked after, so I let him go home. He said he'd come in to-day, sure. Be just my durned luck if he'd skipped out. Like's not he's in Injun Territory by now. I ought to knowed better. Then where'll I be?"

A laugh stirred the group of listeners, and some one spoke: "Why, Billy, you are in a box, ain't you? Of course he's skipped. Wasn't he under bond?"

"Bond!" the perturbed officer answered. "No, he wasn't. He couldn't give none. I ought to kep' him, I reckon; but durn my fool heart, I thought I knowed him well enough. Besides, he'd been good friends to me out in Wells precinct."

The ripple of laughter rose to a cresting wave. This was no new thing in the conduct of the sheriff's office.

There was a commotion on the wide porch at the front of the hotel—many steps and the bumping of heavy baggage. The door was pushed open, and there entered the big negro who was general factotum about the place, bending under the weight of a trunk set upon his shoulders, and followed by several new guests. The first of these was a man of apparently thirty years, bronzed by sun and weather, poorly clad, but rugged and ruddy, as becomes one whose craft is with the plow. At sight of this man the sheriff's face cleared.

"Well, thank the Lord, Jimmy!" he cried, and shook hands cordially.

"'SHE SAID SHE COULD WAIT WHILE I WAS TAKIN' MY MEDICINE.'"

"Think I wasn't coming?" the other laughed lightly. "I said I'd be here, didn't I?" Then these two passed from general attention, to make way for one who had followed in Ellsworth's steps, and whom Stillings greeted with warmth:

"Judge, I'm glad to see you—glad to be the first to shake your hand and say good luck to you."

There was a stir in the company, and a pushing forward with eager outstretching of hands, to the forgetting of everything but the desire to be conciliatory. That is an American trick, and not altogether Western.

Presented to the eye, Judge Brooke gave promise of fulfilment of Stillings's assurance that he was "no fool." He was tall and

well knit, with a smooth-shaven face, and apparently not much beyond his thirty-fifth year. But for his size and muscular strength he would have appeared much younger, so clear were his eyes, so fresh his complexion. There was an undeniable masculine quality in his bearing; his lips were restrained, almost grim, and evidently sealed against trivialities. Clearly the fret of light circumstances could not stir him to an active eruption of words; it must be a fact or a thought of large force that could move his square jaw. Now, as he met the crowding lawyers and acknowledged their well-wishing, it was with perfect calmness and an uncompromising dignity, though it was plain that he was not in the least artificially stiffened by the new title. He bore himself like a man.

"We shall be thrown much together for a few years," he said to the attentive group. "Probably you are as anxious as I that everything shall move pleasantly, so far as our personal relations are concerned. I shall try to do my part to that end. Some of you are strangers to me; but that is not to continue. We may have antagonistic ideas in politics, but I hope that may signify nothing. I shall not regard politics; I shall not consider that I owe any debt to any particular political party, as in the campaign I have tried to forget that I was the candidate of one party, and not of the whole people. I have no doubt that we shall get along very well together. Landlord, am I too late for supper?"

Judge Brooke arose early on the crisp morning following, and had his breakfast almost alone; then he went for a long walk through the town. When he returned to the hotel, there was still a half-hour before the time set for the opening of court, and the lawyers were lingering in the dining-room. After his exhilarating exercise in the free air, Brooke found the overheated office oppressive, and he remained upon the wide porch, pacing back and forth. There he found one apparently like-minded to himself —the man Ellsworth, who had on the preceding night surrendered himself to the custody of the sheriff, and who now sat upon a long bench without the door. To him Judge Brooke spoke casually:

"You were on the train with me last night coming up, weren't you? On jury service, are you?"

Ellsworth grinned appreciatively. "No," he said frankly. "It's worse than that. I'm a subject for a jury. I reckon I'll be arraigned to-day."

Brooke's brow contracted as he looked keenly into the smiling face. It was a good face—such a face as men like to look upon in their fellows. It was entirely free of that element of doggedness and sly concealment which we are used to expect in the face of one even charged with crime. His eyes were especially good, large and clear, almost limpid, like a child's. The face comported very well with the tone of the confession; but the substance of that confession made a sad puzzle.

"How's that?" Brooke asked. "Arraigned? You don't mean that—on a criminal charge?"

Ellsworth nodded, his grin persistent. "Grand larceny," he said with a deliberate accent, as though the words had a not unpleasant flavor. Brooke stood for a moment, his hands clasped at his back.

"Well," he said at last; "I don't understand this. I suppose I have no right to ask questions; I shall find out by and by, no doubt."

"Oh, that's all right," Ellsworth answered. "I'm not squeamish about it. It's grand larceny all right enough. Yes, you'll hear about it later, I reckon."

By ones and twos and threes the lawyers were filing out of the hotel, buttoning about them their overcoats, whose pockets bulged ominously with papers. In a straggling procession, judge, bar, and hangers-on moved up the street toward the ramshackle frame building where were the county offices and whose upper story held the court-room.

The ceremonies of the opening of term went forward quite as at other times, with dreary calling of the docket, assignment of cases for trial, and such other matters as attend the awakening of Justice from a doze. The criminal cases were first assigned, after ancient usage; two or three petty offenders were there, and also the man Ellsworth, who lounged within the bar, an interested onlooker at the turning of wheels in the great machine into whose hopper he was soon to pass.

Brooke comported himself in a way to make sleepy eyes open and slow heads buzz. Stillings was soon smiling broadly. Never had there been in this district such incisiveness, such an unexcusing celerity in the despatch of business. Brooke's eyes, alight with the vigor of youth, seemed to have an unwontedly clear insight; facts, principles, precedents he held with a firm grasp. In the afternoon of the second day he called the case of the State against Ellsworth. Ells-

worth dropped the legs of his up-tilted chair to the floor, and stood before the judge's desk.

"So you are Ellsworth, are you?" Brooke asked. "You are bound over to this court on a charge of grand larceny. Have you counsel? Have you a lawyer?"

"No," Ellsworth answered slowly. "I didn't have any before the justice; I ain't got any here. I don't know as I need him."

"Yes; you'll need counsel," Brooke persisted. "It wouldn't be fair to you to proceed without giving you the benefit of advice from some one who knows the law."

"Oh, I don't know," Ellsworth said. "All I want is a fair show. I reckon I'd get that without a lawyer. I'm satisfied." He did not appear at all chagrined or dismayed. There was nothing flippant in his attitude; he bore himself with a respectful regard for the dignity of the court; his nonchalance seemed to be wholly on his own account.

"No," the judge said; "that won't do. Can you afford to pay a lawyer?"

"Well, no; I can't," the prisoner replied, a little reluctantly. "I don't own anything. I rented a little piece of land this summer—run it on shares. I had a fair crop, and I've sold my share. But I've—I've blowed the money I got for it. I haven't got any left."

Judge Brooke glanced about the courtroom. "Does any one know this man personally?" he asked. The big sheriff was upon his feet.

"I know him, Judge," he said. "I've knowed him a good while—ever since my first term."

"Well, what about him?" Brooke asked. "Do you know his circumstances?"

"He's told his circumstances fair as I could. He's told it just as it is. Jimmy ain't got nothin'."

"Very well. Under such conditions, Ellsworth, I have authority to appoint counsel for you, at the cost of the county. Are you acquainted with any lawyer here? Is there any one you'd prefer?"

Ellsworth turned to face the many lawyers sitting around the tables and against the rail. "I ain't particular," he said. "Suit yourself, Judge, and I'm satisfied."

"Judge Stillings," Brooke said abruptly, "I shall appoint you to defend this man, if you care to assume the case."

Then came a whispered consultation between attorney and client; then the arraignment, the perfunctory plea of "not guilty," and the droning work of empaneling a jury. That done, the case proceeded uneventfully. Three or four witnesses for the State gave a succinct story of the crime. In the preceding summer Ellsworth, while in the employ of a large farmer in the county, had been several times entrusted with charge of carloads of fattened cattle shipped to the nearest stock-yards market. He was accounted a good man at this work. His employer had reposed such confidence in his integrity, and was himself so easy-going, that he had not held Ellsworth to a strict accounting with vouchers and bills of sale. By and by he had discovered, quite by accident, that Ellsworth had been guilty of a substantial peculation on one of his trips. With his faith shaken, he had preferred the charge for which Ellsworth was on trial. That was all. The proof was clear and direct—so undeniable that Stillings did not much concern himself with cross-examination of the witnesses. In an hour's time the State had rested its case. Then came another whispered consultation, and Stillings arose.

"May it please the Court," he said, in his professional manner, "with this evidence before the Court and jury, the defense wishes to withdraw the plea of not guilty, and to enter instead a plea of guilty. But in that connection the prisoner wishes to make a statement to the Court in his own behalf."

Judge Brooke leaned forward upon his dingy desk, knitting his brows, looking intently into Ellsworth's unabashed eyes. He briefly instructed the jury, then took up his pen and wrote an entry upon his docket, which he read aloud. The jurors were discharged.

"Well," the judge said interrogatively, "what does the prisoner wish to say?"

Ellsworth arose in his place. "Only a little, Judge," he said. "I haven't got nothing to say about the evidence; it's been straight enough—all true, just like it happened. I did knock down some money that wasn't mine—about a hundred and fifty. I done it because I needed it. I thought I needed it—thought I couldn't get along without it. I reckon that's where I missed my cue; I reckon I'd been a heap better off if I'd let it alone. But I didn't seem to be satisfied to have it that way. I reckon that don't matter much now. But I'd like to say a word about something else. You've heard what Mr. Burton, him that I stole from, said about my good character before this. I had it, too, Judge; nobody that knows me can say anything about me but just this one thing; I had a good character. I ain't beg-

gin' off, understand; I'm here to take my medicine, like I deserve; but I'd like to have my time in the pen made as short as you can make it. I paid back the money to Burton, just a couple of weeks ago, that I stole. He'll tell you so. So he ain't out anything.

"'I WANT TO GIVE HIM ANOTHER SHOW.'"

That's what I done with the money I got out of my corn. That's why I didn't have any to pay a lawyer with. I paid him every last cent, with interest on top. And besides that, I've paid in other ways for my stealin', a hundred times over. If I lived a thousand years, I couldn't steal no more. That's all I wanted to say. I hope you can make my time short. I've got some use for myself now outside the pen. I've just found that out, since I done this stealin'."

His eyes had not dropped while he spoke; he had met Brooke's scrutiny fearlessly. Now that he had finished, he waited in respectful attention.

"Ellsworth," Brooke said in a moment, "have you told me everything? I should like to hear the whole story."

For the first time the prisoner was visibly embarrassed. A flush crept up, flooding his cheeks, mounting to the very roots of his hair; his glance fell, and his fingers worked nervously upon the brim of his old hat, which he held before him. Then he laughed shamefacedly.

"Well, no, Judge, I haven't told it all. I haven't kept anything back about the stealin', though. But there—there is something else. It don't make no difference, though, to anybody but me; it don't make my stealin' any blacker or any whiter. You'd see that, if I was to tell you. But I'd rather not—not here, anyhow."

Brooke's eyes sought the clock upon the court-room wall, whose hands indicated the hour of adjournment. "Mr. Sheriff," he said, "adjourn court until to-morrow morning at nine o'clock." Then he came down from the bench and stood at Ellsworth's side, motioning that Judge Stillings should join them. "I want you two to eat supper at my table to-night," he said. "I want to talk with you a little further—that is, Ellsworth, if you don't mind telling me the whole story privately, in the presence of your counsel."

Ellsworth's cheeks still bore a remnant of their flush, but he was no longer agitated. "Why, sure!" he said heartily. "It's nothing I'm ashamed of, except before so many folks, lawyers and such, that wouldn't be likely to understand. You will, maybe; I'll tell you, anyway."

As they went down the street, he walked between judge and lawyer. He began to speak at once when they were in the open air, out of hearing of the court-room throng. His speech was directed mainly to Brooke, but now and then he turned a smiling glance upon Stillings's immobile face.

"It's this way, Judge. There's a girl in it. I've heard folks say when a man goes wrong he most generally makes out like it was some girl put him up to it. But that ain't what I mean. My girl she's a different sort. But then it was thinking about her that made me take old Burton's money. Burton's got a big ranch up country a piece —maybe you know him?—and he keeps a lot of folks about the place. This girl I'm tellin' you about, she cooked for the men. That's how I come to know her. I've known her for two years; but we took to each other so natural, seems like I've known her ever since I was born. I don' know; maybe that's the way with everybody when he takes a shine to a girl. This was the first time it ever happened to me."

"Well?" Brooke questioned, when Ellsworth lapsed into a thoughtful silence. "Was she a good girl?"

Ellsworth stood still, lifting his hat with a little gesture of reverence. "Good!" he echoed. "Good!" He walked on again, but with slower steps. His manner of complacence had died down within him; his eyes were very serious, overcast by the shadows of strong thought and feeling. "Judge, she's an angel, that's what she is—an angel in a blue gingham apron, messin' around in a kitchen. That's what made me hot. The other fellows didn't see what she was. The way some men look at it, all girls is just alike; they can't see no difference. But I did have just enough sense to see that she was different, and I thought when she got to be my wife I'd like to have her keep on being different. I was getting thirty dollars a month on the ranch, besides board. There was no chance of getting any more; that was the most that Burton paid anybody, only the foreman. Thirty dollars a month don't go very far with a man and a woman, let alone children. I've always thought I'd like a big mess of children, if ever I had a home of my own. I never could manage money, anyway. And anyhow, I'd seen too much of women crowding along on a little pinch of money with a big family. My mother she worked herself into an old woman, doing for us boys when we was half-grown cubs; and then afterward she died because there wasn't money enough to get things when she needed 'em. That's stuck in my craw ever since. I was bound my wife shouldn't have that happen to her. I was thinking about getting married pretty soon. I couldn't wait—I thought I couldn't. You know how a man is about such things. So, fool-like, I just set to work to find some other way of getting what I couldn't get honest. It was easy enough to find the way. That's how I come to steal from Burton."

They had reached the hotel, and had paused for a moment upon the wide porch, so that Ellsworth might conclude his brief speech. Brooke led the way to the dining-room and to his own table in a secluded corner, where the three sat down and ordered their supper.

"Ellsworth," Brooke said, while they waited for their order to be filled, "do you think that was sufficient reason for your act?"

"No, I don't," Ellsworth answered brusquely. "I've said so, ain't I? I've said I'd seen my blunder. I've seen it good and plenty. What I can't see now is what ever made me do it. Seems like a man must be a good deal of a natural-born fool to just shut his eyes and run into a thing like this. He's got to have his head bumped a few times before he gets wise; seems that way with me, anyhow. Martha—Martha's *her* name—it's Martha that bumped my head for me. I'd give half my life, willing, for a chance to take back this year." His cheeks were blanched and his voice tense with passionate feeling. His fingers were clutched together so that the nails were purple. "But what's the use? I reckon that's the way a man's bound to feel, though. I don't know as I've got any right to kick."

There followed a silence, while the waitress brought and distributed the trayful of small dishes holding their supper. When she had gone, Brooke asked gently: "And has the girl thrown you over now?"

Ellsworth looked with sharp surprise at his questioner. "Who? Martha? No, she ain't. You don't seem to understand what sort of a girl she is. No, sir! She's hung to me like sheep stay with an old bellwether. That's what makes me nervous. She's been—there ain't no telling what that girl ain't said and done. She's made me

stay awake nights and think, and that's more than anything or anybody ever did before since I was born. It was her that made me take that piece of land on the shares this summer, so I could pay back the money to old Burton. I had to furnish my own seed corn, and she helped me buy it. What do you think of that? Say, I've wished a dozen times this last six months that she *would* drop me—no, I ain't, either; but I've felt pretty near like wishing it. A good woman can make a man feel so danged uneasy. Oh, Judge, you don't know that girl! Why, I'd about made up my mind once or twice to run away, after the sheriff let me go, and get rid of the whole business; but she wouldn't have it. She said I'd got to be a man. Let me tell you: she come down to the train night before last with me, to see me off; that's what she did, and she told me then I'd got to be a man if she was to have anything more to do with me. She said she could wait while I was takin' my medicine. How does that strike you?"

"'JUDGE! THIS IS HER.'"

He had laid aside knife and fork, and was leaning forward with his elbows upon the table, his supper quite forgotten in the ecstasy of his speech. "Quit me! Well, I should say not!"

Brooke, too, had lost interest in the supper; but Stillings was giving stolid attention to his beefsteak and fried potatoes. There seemed to be no need for professional intervention. Brooke's thoughts were much engaged. It was evident that Ellsworth's exuberant speech was an apotheosis of the woman, rather than an excuse or justification of himself; he seemed to have lost sight of himself altogether, save as he made the merest lay-figure for the exercise of Martha's surpassing sturdy virtues. Such a man does not plead for himself.

"So, you see," he continued, "that's why I'm anxious. If it was only me I wouldn't care—not so much, anyway; but now seems like I've got to care. I want to show her that she ain't trusted me for nothing. I want to make it all right with Martha."

Brooke's foot sought Stillings's broad toes beneath the table, and gave to them a gentle pressure of inquiry. A barely perceptible nod was Stillings's answer. Stillings was not inattentive.

"But do you feel sure of yourself, Ells-

worth?" Brooke asked. "You mustn't think only of the woman's power over you. In a matter like this a man must, after all, rely chiefly upon himself. He doesn't want some one to lean upon; he must learn to stand alone. You have to think of that."

"Yes, I know—I have," Ellsworth answered. "I've spent lots of time this summer thinking over the whole business. There ain't many men that are any good at standing alone or walking straight by themselves. I don't suppose I could do it—I don't suppose I would if I could, unless I had somebody else to think about besides myself. This is the way I've figured it out: A man—just a common man, like me—most generally ain't ambitious to amount to much just for the sake of being proud of himself. I never cared. I never thought about it, one way or the other. I reckon the reason I never stole before this time was because I never thought about it. But it's different when the man's got a woman to think about—if she's any good. Why, it looks to me now like as if, when a man loves a real good woman, he's going to be just as good as she makes him be. Ain't that reasonable? If she won't put up with anything else—if she says, like Martha said to me, 'See here, Jimmy, you've got to be a man!' why then he's going to do it. Same as if she was sittin' on the top rail of a high fence, and she says to him, 'Come up here and set beside me'—won't he climb up? You bet he will. But if she wasn't there, that top rail wouldn't draw him, not by itself. Oh, I've thought about it, a heap!"

Brooke's fine face was all alight under the contagion of Ellsworth's virile enthusiasm. It was good to look upon his face when it had come out from the shelter of its usual placid repose. He got to his feet; the others also arose.

"You two will be in the court-room at nine in the morning," he said. "I shall think of the matter overnight and attend to the sentence at once when court is opened. There is nothing else on the criminal docket."

When court had been convened for the next day and the clerk had droned through with the reading of the journal, Judge Brooke spoke directly: "In the matter of the State against Ellsworth. The prisoner has pleaded guilty to the charge of grand larceny, and is now before the court for sentence. The passing of sentence in such cases has heretofore been a very simple matter in this district. But I have found this case to present some difficulties. I have talked with the prisoner and his counsel; I have gone to the bottom of the matter, I think. In this course I have been moved by a desire to do justice to both prisoner and people.

"Our criminal code has been enacted by the social body for a selfish end—its own safety. Its apparent purpose is not to secure immunity from crime, but to secure protection against the criminal. It may be said that that is the only province of positive law, and that the finer ethics of the matter lie within the domain of social or political science. I am not so sure that the two are so sharply separable; I am not so sure that ethics should not play a large part in the administration of even the strictest possible code of positive laws. As it is, any act which falls within a certain classified and arbitrary list is forthwith named an offense against the State. But little attention is given to the motive underlying the act. Nor is the good of the criminal himself taken largely into consideration in administering penalties, save upon the theory that to punish him by restricting his liberty will give him time and opportunity for turning penitent. The accepted doctrine seems to be that he who has done any one of these things is of necessity by temperament and nature an enemy of his brothers.

"In my judgment, that polity is not broad enough—not elastic enough. It aims at crushing out effects, not at the alleviation of causes. The prisoner himself has rights—rights far beyond the mere matter of securing a hearing by an impartial jury and beyond the admission of evidence according to established usage. He has the right to have his motive considered. I think it should be the business of the courts to inquire as fully as possible into the motives which foreshadow the acts complained of; and in meting punishment for those acts a court should seek to avoid the danger of spoiling a potentially useful citizen. That is a duty he owes to the people, as well as to the accused man. I know of no prohibition upon such course, if a court wishes to take the time for it. It seems to me that in such matters the greatest safety of society lies, not in the arbitrary authority of the court, but in its discretionary power. The court as the instrument of the law is not an avenging Nemesis. The law is impersonal, and incapable of cherishing or executing vengeance; it is a dispassionate agency for securing the greatest possible good of the social body, and it must not lose sight of the fact that the

accused man is himself an integral part of that body.

"In the case at bar, I think I have gotten a clear understanding of the man and his motive. The act of theft was only a very badly distorted shadow of the motive. The prisoner has himself seen this. Mr. Ellsworth, stand up. In view of all the circumstances in your case, I shall sentence you to six months in the county jail of this county, and I shall suspend execution of the sentence until the first day of the May term of next year. In the meantime, you are to be at liberty within the county. I shall expect you to look carefully after your conduct and to report to me here upon the first day of the next term."

He paused, and took up his pen to enter the sentence. An inarticulate buzz arose in the room, and the heads of the lawyers were bent together for whispered comment. One man touched the impassive Stillings upon the arm.

"Is that Populism, poetry, or Greek philosophy?" he questioned hoarsely, "or has he found out that Ellsworth voted for him?" But Stillings settled himself in his chair without reply.

When the entry was written, Brooke looked up from the page. He had heard the voiceless murmur, but his manner was fearless and unperturbed. Ellsworth still stood before the bench, his eyes wide with question, his lips parted for speech that would not be formed. Another man was also upon his feet, just without the bar-rail. This was Burton, the prosecuting witness against Ellsworth. He was a big man, heavy-limbed, with thick neck, florid face, and a fringe of red beard. He wore a heavy overcoat of sheepskin, which made his bulk appear portentous. When he caught Brooke's eye, he raised his hand like a schoolboy.

"Judge," he said, in his deep, out-door voice, "Judge, I want to say a word, if you'll let me."

As Brooke waited, Burton made his elephantine way through the crowd until he stood at Ellsworth's side. He laid his heavy hand upon the prisoner's shoulder, keeping it there while he spoke:

"Judge, you're right about this business. I ain't been easy in my mind lately—well, not since I filed the complaint, but 'specially since I've come down here to court and had time to think it over. I think you're right about what you said, Judge. It does look too bad to spoil a good man, to send him to the pen for just this one thing. I s'pose I'm to blame. I'm apt to be quick. Ellsworth had been a good man about the place, always straight as a string. It kind of disappointed me to find what he'd done; but I s'pose I hadn't any right to be so quick about it. I might've saved lots of trouble all around; I might've spoke to him myself. That would've made things all right. Now, if he ain't to go to jail before May, I want to take him back with me on the place. I want to give him another show. We'll both give each other another show, if that's satisfactory, Judge?"

Brooke's unbending glance read the old man's face, with its breadth of ruddy honesty. He spoke quietly: "That is a matter with which the Court has nothing to do, Mr. Burton. Personally, however, I should be glad to have you give this man an opportunity for employing himself during the winter. He will need to be kept occupied. That's all, Ellsworth; you may go. That, gentlemen, concludes our work on the criminal docket. We will proceed with the civil cases."

In the following April, Brooke returned for a day to Marston. Since the close of the term, months before, he had not concerned himself with thought of Ellsworth; for he was by habit a busy man, and he was content to allow Ellsworth to work out his own salvation. But on this morning, as he walked up the street toward the hotel, the force of association brought to his mind a vague wonder as to how matters were going with that ingenuous ward of the law. In the next moment he saw Ellsworth. He was standing before the window of a house-furnishing shop, looking in, and by his side was a woman. Brooke slackened his quick pace, and turned aside. As he approached, Ellsworth was speaking earnestly to his companion:

"We can do it easy, Martha. That's to be for your room, and I don't want nothing cheap for you. You listen to me, girl; there ain't nothing that's too good for you. You make me keep sayin' that every minute. I'm glad you do, though—it's fun to say it. But there's no use of your kicking; it won't do no good. My head's set. Come on; let's go in and see what else they've got." As he turned, he caught Brooke's smiling glance, and he blushed a sudden fiery red; then with an impulsive gesture he lifted the woman's unresisting hand to lay it in that of the judge, outstretched.

"Judge, this is Her," he said, with the tone of one who utters a sacred name.

The woman did not speak, but stood hold-

ing Brooke's hand in both her own with a straining pressure, and her eyes were fixed upon his with the eager gaze of one who looks for something not yet revealed. As he regarded the calm, strong face, full of the purity and power of good womanhood, Brooke got understanding and knew that Ellsworth was safe. Quick tears suffused the woman's eyes, and she turned away to the window.

"Well, Ellsworth," Brooke said genially, "how does it go with you?"

"You don't need to ask me that," Ellsworth answered soberly. "Don't you see I'm with Her? There ain't nothing wrong with me."

Brooke hesitated for a moment with a question hanging upon his tongue—a question which he did not like to form in words; and there proved to be no need for that.

"We ain't married," Ellsworth said simply. "Not yet. I wouldn't do that, not in a hundred years, not while things is this way. But I don't mind sayin' we're looking around a little, like you see us this morning. And we've got a place picked out that's for rent up near the ranch. Say, you remember Burton; of course you do! Well, sir, Burton he's been like what a man's daddy might be to him—there ain't nothing he don't want to do for us two, if we'd let him. But we won't. We're going to pole our own skiff, right from the start, without no help from anybody. That's Martha's notion; and of course, then, it's mine too. We're going to start just plain and easy, when we do start, by and by. Only Burton's lent me a plow and a team for a while, and I've got most of my land broke. Only thing that worries me sometimes, nights, when I'm alone—somehow I don't think of it much when I'm with Martha—is that maybe I'm getting too brash about what's going to happen next term. Maybe—I don' know—" He dropped into silence, as though his thoughts led where speech hardly dared to follow. Brooke laughed.

"Go ahead, Ellsworth," he said gayly. "You're all right."

ST. PATRICK, THE SARPINTS, AND THE SINNER.

By Seumas MacManus ("Mac"),

Author of "Through the Turf Smoke," etc.

ONE faculty with which Owen a-Slaivin was blessed was the happy knack of sleeping where and when and for what length of time he chose. If Owen came in from his day's work with a keen appetite for his supper, and found that the pratie pot did not yet show signs of boiling—found that "the white horses" were not on it—"Why," he would say to Peggy, "I'll just bab an eye till they're ready for teemin'," and, sitting on his creepie-stool, to the one side of the fire, he would simply bow his head, and sleep soundly and refreshingly for the five minutes or the ten minutes (as the case might be) which were to spare before his services were requisitioned to link off the big pot and teem it from the door-step. The Bummadier prophesied that when poor Owen's time had come to die (which God keep afar!), and Peggy and the priest were standing by his bedside watching for the dread moment, Owen would surely ask them how many minutes they thought he had, and forthwith proceed to "bab an eye" for the allotted time.

And though we youngsters were amused at Owen's power of falling asleep, and keeping so, in the most awkward position, and under the most unfavorable conditions, it was by times aggravating. When we were in the humor for hearing one of the many brilliant stories, both traditional and made to order, that Owen could recite so racily, and when Owen, to our joy, had consented to "reharse us a rattlin' good yarn," and we therefore had quieted down from our frolics and drawn the circle close around Owen's hearth fire (each upon his haunches upon the clay floor), supporting our backs by clasping our hands around our knees, it was just then a trifle trying to find that Owen had been seized with the bright idea of "babbing an eye" whilst we settled ourselves. But—Owen's story was always worth waiting for.

At the time that good Sent Pathrick (may the heavens be his bed!) was convartin' Irelan'

from haythendom, an' afther he'd screenged the kingdom high up an' low down, mainin' not to laive thrace or thrack of anything haythenish atween the four says, an' when he thought at last he could sit down an' thank God, an' wipe the sweat off of his forehead, doesn't there come word till him that there was still wan haythen—a hardened villain—livin' in the neighborhood iv Athlone, who refused to be convarted, an' wouldn't be either coaxed or kicked intil Christianity.

The Sent was purty vexed, as you may suppose, at this, an' "Upon my varity," siz Pathrick, siz he, "I'll make him sorry his gran'mother was iver born."

Now, at this time, the Sent had 'most all the sarpints gathered into the say; for as he went up an' down convartin', he used, as he sayed himself, to kill two birds with the wan stone, an' gather the sarpints afore him as he went, an' ivery time he came convaynient to the say, he'd throt them out an' over with them. But he had yet to go wan other journey to gather up all the missed an' sthrayed wans. So, to his feet he gets, an' spittin' on his fist, takes a good grip of his goold-headed pastoral staff, an' off with him. He started at the Joyant's Causeway, an' gathered all afore him as he come down, intendin' for to run them all intil the ocean at the Cove iv Cork. When he reached as far as in the neighborhood of Athlone, he inquired for the residence of the haythen, an' the people diracted him. So Pathrick driv his sarpints that way, an' when he come to the house of the haythen, he ordhered that lad to come out till he's put him through his p's and q's. The haythen he come out, an' Pathrick hurled at his head all the denunciations in the Scripthurs. "An' now," siz he, "will ye consint to be convarted? There's heaven, an' there's hell," siz he, "afore ye; make yer own choice. Only this, if ye choose haythendom an' hell, then off ye march in the middle iv this thribe of sarpints here—off, an' into the say."

"AN' PATHRICK HURLED AT HIS HEAD ALL THE DENUNCIATIONS IN THE SCRIPTHURS."

"Misther Sent Pathrick," the haythen was beginnin', but the Sent stops him.

"No 'mistherin'' for me, if ye plaise," says the Sent. "I'm just plain Sent Pathrick."

"Well, Sent Pathrick," siz the haythen, "would yer sentship kindly give me an iday-a iv what sort of company goes to heaven?"

"To heaven," siz Sent Pathrick, "'ill go all the good an' pious people that spends

their lives in prayin' an' fastin' an' meditatin'; all them that don't carouse, an' dhrink wine, an' bawl comic songs, an' br'ak their neighbors' heads at the fair."

"An' to hell?" siz the haythen.

"'I BELIEVE,' SIZ HE TILL HIMSELF, . . . 'IT'S MY DUTY . . . TO TEST WHAT THIS EVIL NEW LIQUOR IS LIKE.'"

"To hell," siz the Sent, "goes all the bad people that, instead iv prayin' an' fastin', watchin' an' meditatin', goes around instead to weddin's an' wakes, fairs and frolics, singin' an' dancin', dhrinkin' an' carousin', fightin' an' lovemakin'—all these goes to hell. So, me good fella, beware, beware! Reflect upon that before ye give yer decision!"

But the haythen—sinner that he was—tuk small time for reflection. "Yer Sentship," siz he, "plaise dhrive me on with the sarpints!"

Poor Sent Pathrick was dumbfoundhered. An' small wondher! Then the lad axed him laive to go in an' put on a clane collar, an' give his hands an' his face a lick, afore settin' out. An' the Sent, bein' no bad fella, consented, an' sat down on a stone outside waitin' for him. But, behould ye, the haythen—fer he was a purty purtickler kind iv a buck—tuk a longer time nor Pathrick had bargained for, gettin' himself intil rotation; an' the Sent had to send in word till him to shake himself an' be quick, bekase the sarpints was meandherin' about an' annoyin' the people passin' the roads.

Now this haythen had discovered the saycret of brewin' from corn what he called Ishky-bagh (Uisge-bath), or the Wather iv Life, an' what we nowadays call plain whisky. So he tuk an' sent out to Pathrick a cruiskin of the Uisge-bath, to keep him company while he'd wait an' to sloke his thirst, bekase, more be the same token, it was a mortial warm, dhrouthy day. But Sent Pathrick was always wan iv the most temperate iv men, an' he sent back word to the haythen that it was no manner of use thryin' to temp' an' bribe him; for him to hurry himself up, if he plaised, for it would be a hard job gatherin' together the sarpints, who, durin' this long wait, were sthragglin' an' sthrayin' to all arts. Still, the jug havin' been placed at Pathrick's elbow, the scent iv it soon sthruck him, an' Pathrick immediately begun dhrawin' in long breaths through his nose. "I believe," siz he till himself at length, "it's my duty as the Sent iv this counthry to test what this evil new liquor is like, so as to warn me convarts agin it." So he hoisted the little cruiskin to his lips, an' let the smallest dhrop iv the stuff sit upon his tongue. He smacked his lips at wanst, an' tuk a thrifle more. The eyes of

the good Sent brightened up at this, an' he tried a third sup. "It *is* a mortial dhrouthy day," siz he. An' then siz he to the sarvint that brought him the liquor, "Ye may tell the haythen," siz he, "not to discommode himself hurryin' too much with his dhressin'. I have laivin's and lashin's iv time."

The poor Sent, poor man, *was* mighty dhrouthy, there's no doubt iv it, an' small blame till him such a day; an' when the haythen at length come out, dhressed an' ready for the road, it was low tide in the cruiskin.

"Now," siz Sent Pathrick, "it's a usual thing, when a man's goin' to be hung, to grant him any requist, in modheration, that he axes. So," siz he, "as you're in much the same position as a man goin' till his hangin', I'll grant you the requist iv takin' with ye, for company on the road an' to squelch yer thirst—I'll grant ye the requist iv takin' a cruiskin iv the Uisge-bath with ye."

The lad he smiled, an' siz he, "Ay, but, Sent Pathrick, so far as I know, it isn't usually the hangman that chooses the requist. But no matther," siz he, "the cruiskin I'll take." So takin' undher his arm a comfortable-sized wan, with the bubbles on top iv it winkin' at ye, the haythen tuk his place among the sarpints, an' Pathrick, headin' all iv them off on the road for the Cove, started.

"IT WAS LOW TIDE IN THE CRUISKIN."

It was a long an' a dhreich journey, an'

". . . THE SARPINTS WAS THE VERY DIVIL TO MANAGE."

"—BUT THE HAYTHEN . . . ALWAYS MADE OFFER OF THE CRUISKIN . . ."

the Sent, poor man, had the dickens's own throublesome time iv it. The haythen, iv course, he went along all right; but the sarpints was the very divil to manage, an' there wasn't a cross-roads they come to that the whole covey iv them wouldn't take an' start down the wrong way, purtendin' all as wan as that they thought in their hearts they wor takin' the very right way an' savin' the Sent throuble; an' the poor disthracted Sent had to be cleekin' this lad back with the cleek iv his staff, for to make him go right; an' pummelin' that boy with the goold head iv his stick, to make him mend his manners; an' proddin' another lazy schaimer, to encourage him; but (to give the divil his due) the haythen he was aisy dhrivin', an' went along all right, givin' no throuble whatsomiver.

As I sayed, it was a mighty dhrouthy sort iv a day, an' what atween the drouth an' the fataigue an' the vexation the sarpints give him, Pathrick (no wondher) wanted for to stop an' sloke his thirst at almost every runnin' sthraim he come till; but the haythen (who was noways bad-hearted, after all) always made offer of the cruiskin to the Sent instead. It's a bad medicine is the cowl wather when wan's hot an' sweatin'; so Pathrick always consented to take a pull out iv the cruiskin, an' when he'd dhraw his sleeve along his mouth, an' hand back the cruiskin, he'd say, "Thanky, Haythen. That's mighty slokin'." An' faith so it was.

An' afther a hard an' thryin', tiresome time iv it, poor Sent Pathrick, both tired an' footsore, worn an' forlorn, with the temper iv him nigh broken, at long an' at last reached the say at the Cove iv Cork. An' he had screenged the counthry so well this time, that he hadn't left a sthrayed or sthraggled sarpint from end till wynd iv Irelan' that he hadn't gathered with him, an' the haythen—the only remainin' haythen in all the lan'—among them. An' he now surrounded the congregation, himself an' his staff, an' driv them higgledy-piggledy out into the raavenous waves iv the ocean, all iv them, barrin' the haythen, who he wanted to say a last wurrd till. An' when he watched till he seen the tail iv the last sarpint stop kickin' above the wather an' disappear for iver, he turned till the haythen, who was standin' there waitin' his turn, an' siz he:

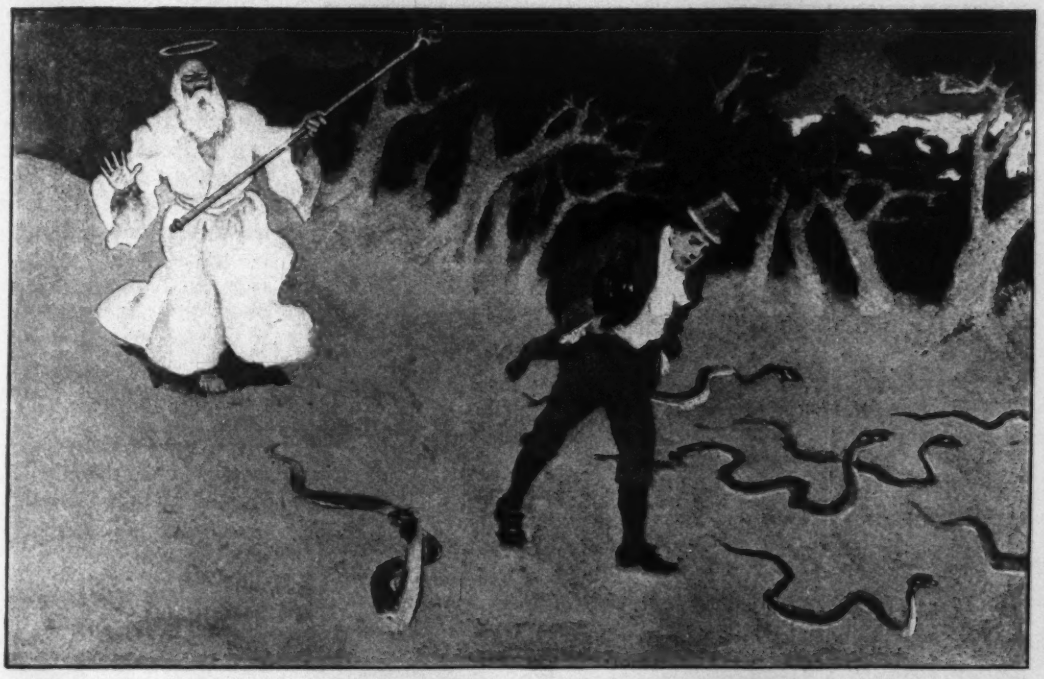
"How long have ye been makin' that obnoxious liquid ye call Uisge-bath?"

"Nigh on ten years, Sent," siz the haythen.

"Ye hardened sinner," siz the Sent. "An' dhrinkin' it?"

"An' dhrinkin' it, yis," siz the haythen.

"Och, och! but ye're the hopeless sinner," siz the Sent. "Now," siz the Sent, "I have tested that Uisge-bath in the interests iv all my Christians in Irelan'; it was my duty to do at all hazards whatsomiver. Again an' again, unshrinkin', I've done me



". . . AN' PATHRICK, HEADIN' ALL IV THEM OFF ON THE ROAD FOR THE COVE . . ."

duty by that Uisge-bath an' my Christians, an' I now pronounce it a dangerous liquor, that's liable to work no end of harm, sin, an' misery if it iver goes intil thoughtless hands. Tell me, how many people knows the saicret iv producin' that sinful dhrink?"

"The sorra take the sinner but me own self," siz the haythen.

"Thank God," siz Sent Pathrick. "It'll be the aisier done away with. Write me out the resait."

"For what," siz the haythen, "does yer sentship want the resait?"

"In ordher," siz Sent Pathrick, "that I may burn it up, an' desthroy the saicret for iver."

"But sure," siz the haythen, "when ye've dhriv me intil the say afther them other lads ye're afther dumpin', the saicret *will* be desthroyed for iver."

"Right enough," siz the Sent, "but I want to desthroy both you an' the resait, an' in that way make double sure."

But no, the lad was parvarse to the end. He'd not give Pathrick the resait, on no account whatsomiver. An' though the Sent worked him high up an' low down, it wasn't

". . . HE UPS TO THE HAYTHEN AGAIN, AN' HE SIZ, SIZ HE . . ."

"I'LL MAKE PARSONAL APPLICATION TO THE KING IV IRELAN' TO HAVE YE SALARIED."

wan bit iv use, good, bad, or ondifferent; his saicret would niver go on paper.

"Come, dhrive me in," he says, "dhrive me in to the say, an' be done with me," the parvarse villain that he was.

Sent Pathrick tuk a turn or two up an' down the banks iv the say, an' he thinkin' hard. An' at long an' at last he ups to the haythen again, an' he siz, siz he:

"I have been thinkin' an' reflectin' upon your case," siz he, "an' it's only this instant it sthrikes me that since I have convarted an' made good pious Christians out of all the rest in Irelan', if I dhrownded you it'll niver do at all at all, for I'll have niver a sinner at all in the whole kingdom to praich against an' to hould up as a warnin' an' a moral to all the good people. That," siz the Sent, "'ud niver do at all at all. I must spare you for a bad example."

"For a bad example!" siz the haythen. "Well, I'm sure I'm mortial thankful to yer sentship for yer oncommon great kindness. Still, don't think me ongrateful, but it sthrikes me that a bad example is but a slack profession, afther all, for a poor divil be expected to knock out a livin' at."

"As for that," siz Sent Pathrick, "I'll make parsonal application to the King iv Irelan' to have ye salaried, so ye can live comfortable an' aisy durin' the rest iv yer natural life. Ye'll have to thramp around with me, wheresomiver I go praichin', an' be always on hand for me to hould ye up to the scorn an' opprobrium that ye desarve."

"Sent Pathrick," siz the poor fella, all alive with gratefulness, "I'll give ye me vow, niver from this day out to distil wan other dhrop iv Uisge-bath."

"Aisy, aisy, ye vagabone ye!" siz Pathrick. "Remimber yer callin'! A purty sort iv a start that would be, wouldn't it? If ye're goin' to be my Bad Example, ye must be it with all the veins iv yer heart, or else ye'll find me, some mornin', givin' ye the run down the same pad-walk the other sarpints went. Sartintly, ye must keep yer hand in, makin' dhrops iv that depraved an' sinful liquor back an' forrid. There's no betther way iv perfectin' yerself for the profession I'm givin' ye."

An' so the Sent, on all his rounds through Irelan' afther, niver journeyed without his Bad Example, who he made great use iv for houldin' all good Christians on the right coorse, in tarror an' awe. An' the Bad Example lived for many long years, in paice, comfort, an' content, as happy as such a vile sinner could expect to be.

THE BALLYGUNGE CUP.

By W. A. Fraser,

Author of "The Eye of a God," and other stories.

A TRUE woman, a strong man, and a good horse; love, strength, and speed. Because of these things, this story.

But it did not start this way, not by a great deal. At first it was only banter. That was the way Beth looked at it—Beth Cavendish. If Douglas Slade was more in earnest, that was his fault.

He was in indigo, up in Tirhoot, and the planter's life tends to make one take things more seriously than they do in the Service. For Beth was of the army. Her father, who was a general, and her brother, and all the rest of the Cavendishes were of the army. And there it's strength and speed and truth, and just a little of love perhaps.

She admired Slade in a sisterly sort of way. He was like her brothers; quite good enough for the Service; should have been there, in fact, not messing about in the poisonous indigo, having to drink a little gin every day to keep the poison out of his blood, as they all did.

As for the seriousness of the thing, as I have said, it was all on his side. That was the atmosphere when they said these things. It was in Calcutta. He had really been skirmishing for an opening—so blunderingly that she knew it.

"Marriage and the before is not romance," she said, looking very earnestly through the window and out across the sun-scorched *maidan* that stretched away to the stone feet of Fort William. "It's dreadfully commonplace; it's almost tragic in its dull commercialness."

"Is there no romance of love, then?" he said, feeling that some strong moves were being made on the chess-board of their little game.

"I suppose there is—of 'love'; but we don't associate love with most of the marriages we see, you know; they are 'arranged,' and the result is——"

He waited for her to finish the sentence, watching the gray eyes as they came back drooping a little from the glare of the hot sunshine. But she seemed to be picturing the result to herself and to have forgotten all about his presence; so he added: "Disastrous, eh?"

"Not always, of course. Now if it were the old days, the old times when men rode forth to battle for the ladies they loved, or said they loved, it might be different. Then a man had to dare and do much to prove his love. Now it's simply a matter of arrangement."

Slade thought hopelessly of his position. He might vow to raise more indigo than any other man in his district, but that would hardly appeal to this maid of a warlike race. His chances were limited. He would willingly undertake to thrash anybody, but there was nobody to thrash. He felt quite bitterly that what she said was true; there was little of romance in his life, little that was bright to offer her in exchange for the pleasant existence she led. Why should she go to live at his stupid old bungalow, up in Tirhoot, simply because he desired it—loved her, if you will? She had sadly demolished his skirmishing line; but he must retreat with a light heart, conceal the dull little gnawing with banter.

"Yes," he said; "if we lived in those days, or those days were now, I might take your glove, tie it to my helmet—I really forget how they did fasten the gloves on—and go up and down the land knocking people about, until you were quite satisfied with the slaughter and called me back to receive my reward. By Jove! I'd do it quick enough, though," he added, more to himself than to his companion.

Beth smiled a little at this, and said: "You see the fates are against you; there's no chance for you to show your devotion."

"No; no chance," he admitted, tragically.

"Are you going to win any races in Calcutta next meeting?" she broke in, changing the subject abruptly, as though his last words had settled the other for all time.

"No, I'm afraid I can't even win a race. My horses are all crocks—not one above selling-plater form."

A merry light danced in Beth's eyes. Had she laid a trap for him? "You shall be my knight-errant then. I'll give you a task. Win me the Ballygunge Cup."

His face fell. "Something easy, please," he begged. "The moon, for instance, or Buddha's tooth from Ceylon. Any little bauble you may think of."

"My knight rides not forth to battle today, then?" said Beth.

"Oh, I'll try it, of course," he added, flushing a little; "try it, and not a hack in my stable fit to pull a dog-cart! Only don't pluck a fellow if he fails, that's all. But I must have a gage—a modern gage in black and white."

The getting of the gage was too tedious for telling, but it read:

"If Douglas Slade wins the next Ballygunge steeplechase, I promise to—" and there she stuck.

He filled in, with his own hand, "Reward him."

"You're to wear it on your casque, you know," she said, as he folded it up neatly.

"Yes, I'll tie it in my racing-cap when I ride forth to battle in the Cup," he said as he stood, one foot on the step of his high dog-cart, and nodded pleasantly to Beth.

"Now I'm in a hat," thought Slade to himself, as he drove to his hotel. "Win the Ballygunge Cup with a lot of broken-down nags, when I have failed before with the best horse that ever came to India. And the Cavendish knew I couldn't win it when she set me the pace."

Then he grabbed a life-line that dangled down into his sea of despair. The life-line was Captain Frank Johnson. He was standing at the door of the hotel.

"By Jove!" said Slade, "you're just the man I want, Johnson. If there's anybody on earth, or anywhere else, that can help me out of this pickle, you're the man, or fiend, as the case may be."

Up in his room he told Johnson what he had undertaken to do. The Captain whistled a merry note of derision.

"Do you know what you've run up against?" he asked. "Lord Dick's got Musket, a big winner at Punchestown out from home to land this same bit of jewelry; and, bar him, there isn't a horse in the country can beat Jovial, who is in it too.

"I'd transfer *my* horse, Chang, to you quick enough," continued Captain Frank, "for I mean to start him; but I'll tell you straight, if the other two come to the post fit, I'll only win it in case something happens the both of them—in case they fall, or run out, or something of that sort. Neither of them is apt to do that, though," he continued, regretfully, "for they're both crackers at the 'lepping' game."

"But I've *got* to win it," said Slade, helplessly; and the look on his face drew another whistle from the firm, thin lips of the racing Captain.

Johnson sat in deep thought for a minute. "If it's as bad as all that," he said presently, looking at Slade, "we'll have to hunt up a horse to beat the both of them, eh? You've got nothing in your stable that a *dhoby's* donkey couldn't give pounds to. But Baldeck's just landed a Waler, in a shipload of horses from Australia, that if we can buy and get fit in time will take a lot of beating. His name's Goldfinder. He won over big timber in Australia."

Hope is a good tonic, and the way Slade rushed things until he had secured Goldfinder was appalling. Not but that there was trouble over it, and it really seemed as though everybody was in league to keep him from winning the Cup. Baldeck wanted it himself; in fact, had brought this horse out to win it, to take back to Australia. Goldfinder's price, £500, was all right. Slade gave that eagerly enough, and he got over the difficulty of the Cup for Baldeck by agreeing that, if the horse won, he would have a duplicate made, in gold, if he liked, and give it to him. This seemed a trifling and happy arrangement; but like a good many other trifling things, it turned out serious in the end.

"You'll have to come up with me to my place and get Goldfinder fit," Slade said to Johnson. "I want to win this race and then quit the turf. I'll have something else to think of then," he added impressively.

So Johnson and his own racing stable were transported up to Tirhoot. There was no difficulty about this, for Captain Frank had shed the army, and was a racing gentleman pure and simple—not so *very* pure and simple perhaps. Slade agreed to make him a present of Goldfinder after the race was run and won.

"We'll have a great chance to find out how the new horse is going," Slade remarked, "with Chang in the string. Chang's almost good enough, and if my horse turns out a bit better, we'll scorch them this trip."

While Slade and Johnson got the two

"GOLDFINDER TOOK OFF AT THEIR VERY HEELS."

horses ready in Tirhoot, on the indigo planter's estate, something else was being got ready in Calcutta. That was the working of one John Maynard's mind over this same Ballygunge Cup. He was in the Service, too, but that didn't matter. What did matter was that he thought Beth Cavendish the only girl he wanted to marry.

Now a trick native servants have is to understand English and pretend they do not. And one of Beth's servants had heard enough to earn a silver rupee from Maynard. It is not customary for English officers to bribe native servants, but Maynard was not a customary sort of chap—he was Oriental in his ways. That was why Maynard also prepared something. "I can't get anything to beat him now," he reasoned, "but I can stop him; I can get a horse strong enough to do that trick—strong enough to bring him down."

So while others worked faithfully in Tirhoot, he trained a sprinter to go fast for a mile, and jump viciously at everything in sight. Though Maynard's morals were slightly oblique, his pluck was all right, and he never thought of his own neck in the matter. If he broke the other fellow's—well, necks sometimes do get broken in a steeplechase over a stiff country.

"I think it's fairly satisfactory," he confided to himself. "If by any chance I fail to bring him a cropper, Lord Dick is pretty sure to beat him out on Musket." So he took a pretty heavy bet, backing Lord Dick's horse to win a small fortune. You see it was all gain with him—love and coin.

A week before they took the horses down to Calcutta for the meet, Slade and Johnson had a trial to see how things had been coming on. As trials go it was superb. Slade rode Goldfinder at 11st; Johnson, Chang at 10st 7; and three other horses were put in to make the running, with an English jockey, Stegg, on the back of the best of them, a horse called "Ring." They went over three miles of strongly-made country, as though they were racing for a hundred Ballygunge cups. Goldfinder won handily enough at the finish, and Slade had a nice warm feeling about his heart, as he looked at the big chestnut's mighty limbs, clean as a whistle, when he turned him over to his syce after the gallop.

"It's all oop, sir, with t'others," said Stegg. "Th' Coop 'll coom Tirhoot w'y this trip."

"If it doesn't," added Johnson, "I'll take the shilling and give up racing."

But down Calcutta way people were just as sure that the race lay between Musket and Jovial. Musket was from the land where they breed Grand National winners; and Lord Dick was a finished horseman. Nerves of steel, and heart of a lion—that was Lord Dick, in the saddle or out.

Why Maynard had put Diablo in, nobody knew. Certainly he couldn't stay the course, three miles and a half, and he was well named Diablo, for he had the temper of a fiend. It bothered Captain Frank not a little. That a man of Maynard's cleverness should play the fool was quite out of the question; besides, Maynard could surely get something that would go the distance and have some chance of finishing with the others. Then, when he found out that Diablo's owner had taken a long bet about Musket's winning, he commenced to do considerable thinking—suspicious thinking.

"I'll keep an eye on Maynard in the race," he told Slade. "He played me a bit of a trick once at Umballa, and I shouldn't half mind wiping out the score. Chang's a pretty big horse, and between us we can take care of ourselves, and somebody else, too, if it's needed."

"What do you mean?" asked Slade.

"Nothing, only we'll sort of win the Cup between us. You'll sort of ride under my order, and when I give you the word in the race, do just as I say, even if it does seem a bit queer."

"I'll take your coaching, Frank, for you know the game better than I do."

That was only two days before Cup day. Slade said nothing to Beth about winning the Cup. When he had won it, would be soon enough; if he lost—well, he had not lost yet, anyway.

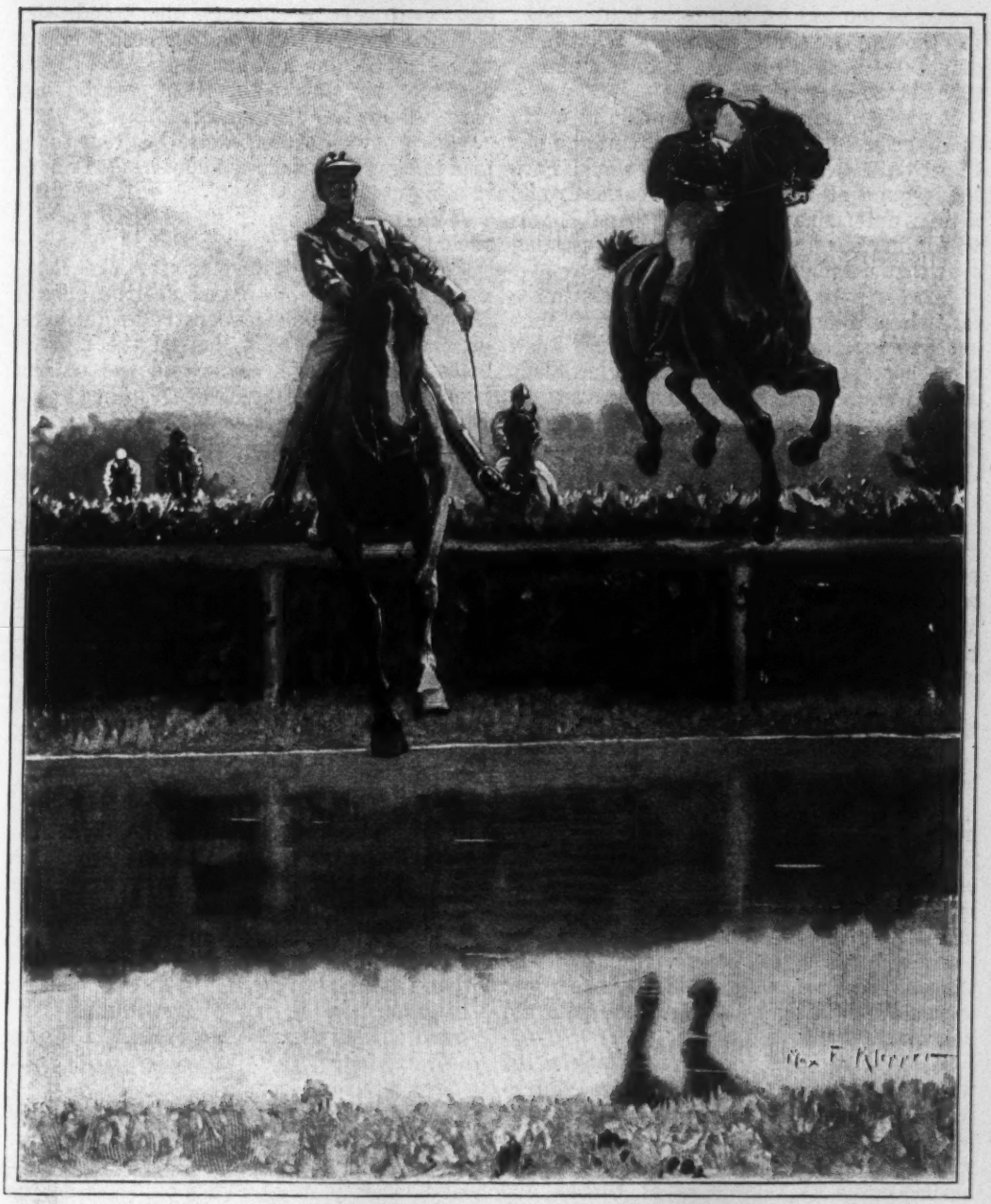
"There'll be some collar-bones cracked to-day," said Captain Frank to Slade, as they put on their silk colors in the dressing-room, the day of the race. "The top bamboos on all the jumps are iron-bound, and if any horse hits them hard, he'll come down for keeps; and he'll stay down, too."

"Dangerous, that, eh?" answered Slade. "Might upset our good thing."

"Hardly," said Captain Frank, with his drawling twang; "somebody'll find them dangerous, but you won't. Goldfinder 'll fly them like a bird."

"What about Chang?" inquired Slade.

"Chang and his rider are all right," replied Johnson. "They're only out for an airing. I've backed Goldfinder, for I can't beat the other two."



"TOGETHER THEY FLEW IT. . . ."

The terms of the race were simple enough. It was a gentleman's race, for all horses owned *solely* by members of the Ballygunge Association. It was open to all riders. This also was a simple arrangement that turned out very complicated at the end.

Of course Beth was there; everybody who was anybody was. It was the "Grand National" of India. Beth had not thought that Douglas Slade would take her banter so seriously. Why had he bought a horse that really had a good chance of winning the Cup—for people were saying that he might win? Good judges liked the big chestnut, and were saying that he had a great chance.

Beth kept asking herself a knotty question: "If Douglas Slade won, what then?" He had kept so quiet about it that she thought he had forgotten the whole thing. Surely he was a valiant knight. It would

almost be too bad for him to be beaten now. The thought gave her a start. What if he should be beaten—he had been so plucky about it, so determined?

It was the one thing in the world to warm the warrior blood that coursed through her veins; just what her brothers would have done; gone at it strong and fearlessly and with a determination to win. And it was all for her sake, too; there was no getting over that point.

And Maynard, who also had a horse in the race, had told her that Lord Dick's Musket would certainly win. She hardly knew what her feelings were. If Douglas Slade won, it would lead to complication sure, he was so persistent; if he lost, it would be too bad. It was silly of her to have given him that gage.

And there was the gage right enough, straight in front of her eyes. Douglas Slade, riding by on his big chestnut from the paddock to the course, turned his head toward the grand stand as he passed the end, and she saw the missive, the gage, tied tightly in the strings of his cap, gleaming white against the dark-blue silk.

Slade caught Beth's eye as he looked at the sea of faces, and she felt a warm flush scorch her cheeks. It vexed her. She did not care for him; it had been only banter.

They were all stringing out for the start now—eight of them, eight of the best steeplechase horses in all India. Captain Frank on the big angular Chang looked the finished horseman that he was; the easy grace of his seat told of the perfect mastery: it was like my lady in her rocking-chair. And the thin, determined, bony face of the rider: it would be Chang's fault if that pair did not win.

Win! The Captain was not thinking of winning—thinking of something else—thinking of the dark-brown horse just in front of him, Diablo. Goldfinder held Chang quite safe as far as winning went, he knew; *his* business was to take care of Diablo, and mayhap his rider, for Captain Frank's suspicion had become a certainty.

A steeplechase of three miles and a half is not a spring in which the start counts for much; so they were soon away, the silk jackets of the riders snapping and cracking at the wind, like frost breaking away from the tightened bark of trees in winter.

Beth said to herself that she shouldn't care much, shouldn't take much interest in the thing; but when the roar, "They're off!" beat up from the enclosure below and went echoing through the stand, she felt that she had three or four hearts in her breast, all beating and hammering away with a suffocating quickness. Still she did not care—it was the excitement.

Over the first three fences they raced like mad things; not at all like cool-headed riders in a big steeplechase.

"They'll soon crack up at that pace," racing men said; "it's too fast."

Jovial's rider was racing for the lead, and Diablo, with blood-red nostrils spread wide, his small wicked ears laid tight back on his cobra-like neck, looked the perfect embodiment of evil, as he galloped on the leader's quarter. Maynard was pulling at his head; but the very devil was in the horse.

At the third fence Prifton, an outsider, struck the rail heavily, and the bamboo clanged back like a taut bowstring. The fall was so terrific that Prifton and his rider lay as though their backs were broken.

Surging to the right over this fence, just in time to miss the fallen horse, Musket, Goldfinder, and Chang went in a bunch. Over the "post and rails," and "drop fence," they still kept up the terrible pace, Goldfinder making the heart of Douglas Slade glad as he skimmed them like a deer. "God and my girl!" he muttered, quite like a knight of old, as he felt the great springy chestnut rise each jump with a mighty surge and come down on the other side like a cat.

Beth, too, was muttering something as she watched the dark-blue cap rise in the air, almost disappear, and then go skimming along on the level.

Maynard was pulling Diablo back to the others. Johnson saw that, and pushed Chang out a little. "You devil!" he jerked out between his set teeth, "I'll give you what-for!"

That was for Maynard.

At the big mud wall Jovial struck his forefeet and sent a cloud of dust in the air. As the others swept by, they saw Jovial's rider plowing along on his side, as though he had been shot out of a catapult. But he was not hurt, and in three seconds had the horse going again.

Maynard, with a strong pull at Diablo's head, had got him back until Chang's nose was on his flank. On Chang's quarter raced Goldfinder.

Johnson saw Maynard take a look over his shoulder at Slade's mount. "He'll try it on the in-and-out or the big water jump," thought Captain Frank.

The "in-and-out" was two big mud walls

about twenty feet apart. As they neared it Johnson saw that Maynard was up to mischief. "He'll pull dead across Goldfinder if I don't bring him down," he thought.

Four strides from the first wall Maynard looked around again. Goldfinder was thundering along just behind Chang, who was still lapped on Diablo's quarter.

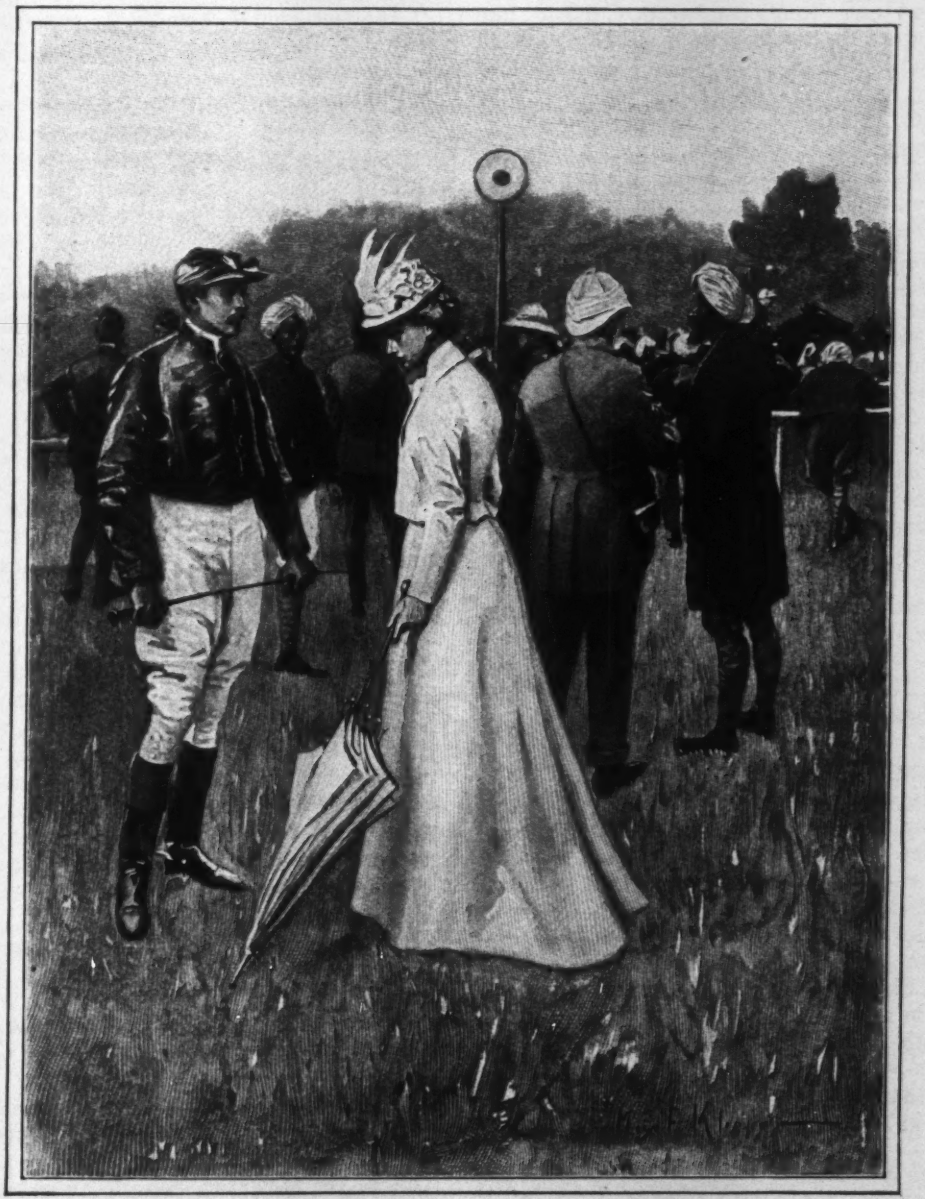
Captain Frank saw the look, and the short wrap that Maynard took in the right rein of Diablo's bridle.

"Pull back!" he yelled to Slade, and drove the spurs into Chang's great flanks.

At that instant Maynard pulled Diablo's head short to the right as they lifted at the first wall. With a smashing crash Chang was into him, chest on. As the two went into the dip, a smashed mass, Goldfinder took off at their very heels, swinging slightly to the left, and landed clear of the wreck.

The second wall he cleared also, and he and Musket, a length behind, raced on the level. Jovial was lengths behind.

A cry of horror went up from the stand as Diablo and Chang toppled over the wall in a broken heap. Beth closed her eyes, and



"'I HARDLY KNOW YET WHAT I WON,' SHE REPLIED ENIGMATICALLY."

turned white. When she opened them, the blue cap was skimming along like a bird. "Who fell?" she asked faintly.

"Captain Johnson and Maynard are down," her companion replied. "I'm afraid there are backs broken there."

It seemed wicked to feel glad when perhaps some one was lying dead between those barriers, but her heart certainly gave a throb of joy at the answer that told her the owner of the blue cap was Slade, and still riding. She was beginning to forget all about the banter.

Then the race itself began in earnest. Musket and Goldfinder were fighting like gladiators for the Cup their masters coveted so much. At the water jump, eighteen feet broad, they came together, together they flew it. A roar of applause went up from the straining, eager watchers.

Half a mile from home Musket's head showed well in front. "Lord Dick'll win," said Beth's companion. "Musket's an Irish horse, bred to run all day."

Beth's fingers clutched tightly the handle of her parasol, and she set her white lips firm and hard.

And so they came, around the corner, and up the stretch, and over fences—always the same; the creamy nose of Lord Dick's roan always a trifle in front. As they cleared the last fence, Slade seemed to send a thrill of the pent-up energy of his frame into Goldfinder, and the big horse made a last mighty effort. Surely, slowly, his golden nozzle crept up past the mottled head of the roan. Lord Dick's whip flashed in the air, and cut at Musket's quivering flanks. Slade sat perfectly still, crouched low over the withers of his horse, for he knew that Goldfinder knew and was making his last effort. There was no sound in the stand, nothing but the strained breathing of the people who waited.

Only the judges knew as they flashed under the wire which had won. Then the numbers went up, and the crowd knew. It was Goldfinder's race.

"Sorry for Lord Dick," said Beth's companion, as they sat down; "but the other chap, Slade, deserves it. Never saw a gamer race in my life."

Beth wasn't sorry for anybody. Her nerves were jerking and twitching, and she felt that she never wanted to see another race in her life—not one just like that, anyway.

Two processions came into the stand enclosure almost together. Musket and Goldfinder formed one, while the other consisted of two stretchers, carrying Johnson and Maynard.

"A twisted ankle and a cracked rib is no price to pay for a victory like that," Captain Frank assured Slade; "besides, I wiped that Umballa score out."

Maynard was badly smashed up too; collar-bone broken, and a badly wrenched shoulder, but not beyond the working of more mischief, though.

After the race, Slade met Beth, face to face, on the lawn. She held out her hand in a pleased way.

"Are you glad I won?" he asked awkwardly. "Did you win gloves or anything over my mount?"

"I hardly know yet what I won," she replied enigmatically. "You see I can't quite remember what my bets were till people come to pay up."

"I don't know what I've won either," thought Slade, as Beth's companion carried her off; "but I'll find out to-morrow."

That night Slade was having the fruits of victory thrust upon him. They were having a little victory dinner, he and some friends, and in the middle of it a servant brought in a letter for him.

The letter was from Johnson. It was characteristic and much to the point. Somebody had entered a protest against Goldfinder, on the score that he was not the *sole* property of Mr. Slade. The stewards, whose brains were as weak as stewed tea-leaves, had decided to hold the Cup back. Goldfinder had undoubtedly won the race itself; and stakes and bets would go to his owner and backers, but the Cup would not be handed over until Slade proved that he had complied with the regulations. There would be a meeting of the stewards next morning at ten o'clock, when he would have a chance to prove his case. All *that* Johnson wrote, and more too; but the more too was chiefly ornamental, and reflected upon the character of the stewards and everybody associated with the objection.

Slade was sure there was no case against him, but somehow he felt as though Beth were slipping away. Next day at the stewards' meeting he indignantly denied that anybody but himself had any interest in Goldfinder.

Then he was confronted with something he had completely forgotten—his promise to Baldeck.

One of the stewards said: "An objection has been lodged on the score that Mr. Bal-

deck is still interested in Goldfinder, to the extent that you promised him the Cup, or a duplicate of it, in the event of his winning. If you assure the stewards that this is not so, there is no evidence other than Mr. Baldeck's word, and we shall be forced to overrule the objection. If you admit it, it establishes the fact that Mr. Baldeck still has an interest in the horse, that you are not the sole owner. In that event the Cup will go to Musket, who finished second."

It was a bitter pill, losing the prize, and on a technicality, too; but Slade never hesitated for an instant. His word would be taken against the other man's, but that didn't matter.

"I promised Mr. Baldeck the Cup," he said gravely. "I didn't know that it constituted an interest in the horse."

That afternoon he went to hand Beth the gage back; not as he thought he should have gone, to demand fulfilment of the promise, given in banter though it was, but to admit that he had failed.

It was rather odd that Beth had heard all the facts of the case before Slade got there, but she had. Whether Captain Frank was able to get about in a gharry or not, I don't know; but Beth knew.

"I have brought back your gage," said Slade, trying to speak in the same bantering tone they had used that other time. "I failed to get you the Cup."

Beth smiled a little as she reached out for the creased slip of paper Douglas handed her. "She doesn't care a rap," he thought; "she is laughing at me."

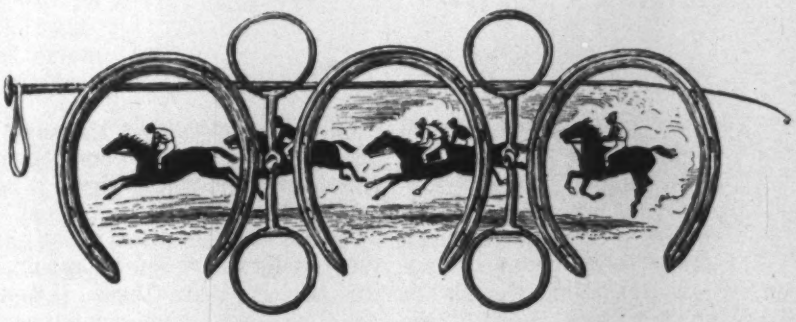
Deliberately Beth opened the dust-stained note, and read it with provoking coolness.

"This doesn't say a word about the Ballygunge Cup," she said, arching her eyebrows.

"Doesn't what?" he broke in, perplexed.

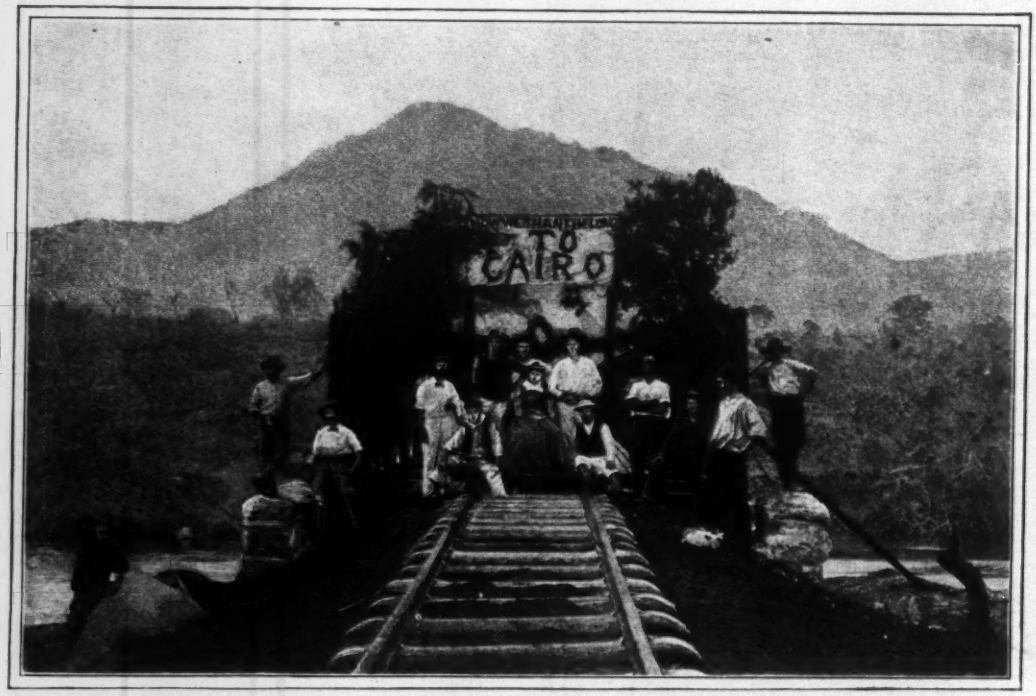
"It says—wait, I'll read it to you: 'If Douglas Slade wins the next Ballygunge *steeplechase*, I promise to—" Then she broke off, as she had in writing the note, and looking up at him inquiringly, asked, "And you did win the *steeplechase*, didn't you—though you are not to get the Cup?"

And so it really did not matter very much about the Cup, after all, though they would have liked it in their drawing-room.



OPENING OF THE BRIDGE ACROSS THE ODZI RIVER—AN IRON BRIDGE ON THE LINE RUNNING FROM SALISBURY TO BEIRA, ON THE INDIAN OCEAN.

From a photograph by Bleackley, Umtali.



THE CAPE TO CAIRO RAILWAY.

By W. T. Stead.

LAST year, at St. Petersburg, when I was talking to Herr Rothstein, he suddenly surprised me by an observation on the secret forces which appear to dominate the actions of men. Herr Rothstein, although but little heard of outside Russia, is one of the dozen notable personalities who influence the policy of that great empire. He is a Jew, and a German Jew. But he is Monsieur Witte's Jew; and as the financial adviser of the Imperial Finance Minister, he is a man of mark as well as a man of wealth, a man of influence, and a man of power. But although knowing and respecting him as financier and as statesman, I was hardly prepared for the philosophical observation which fell from his lips on the subject of the great transcontinental line which Russia is building across northern Asia.

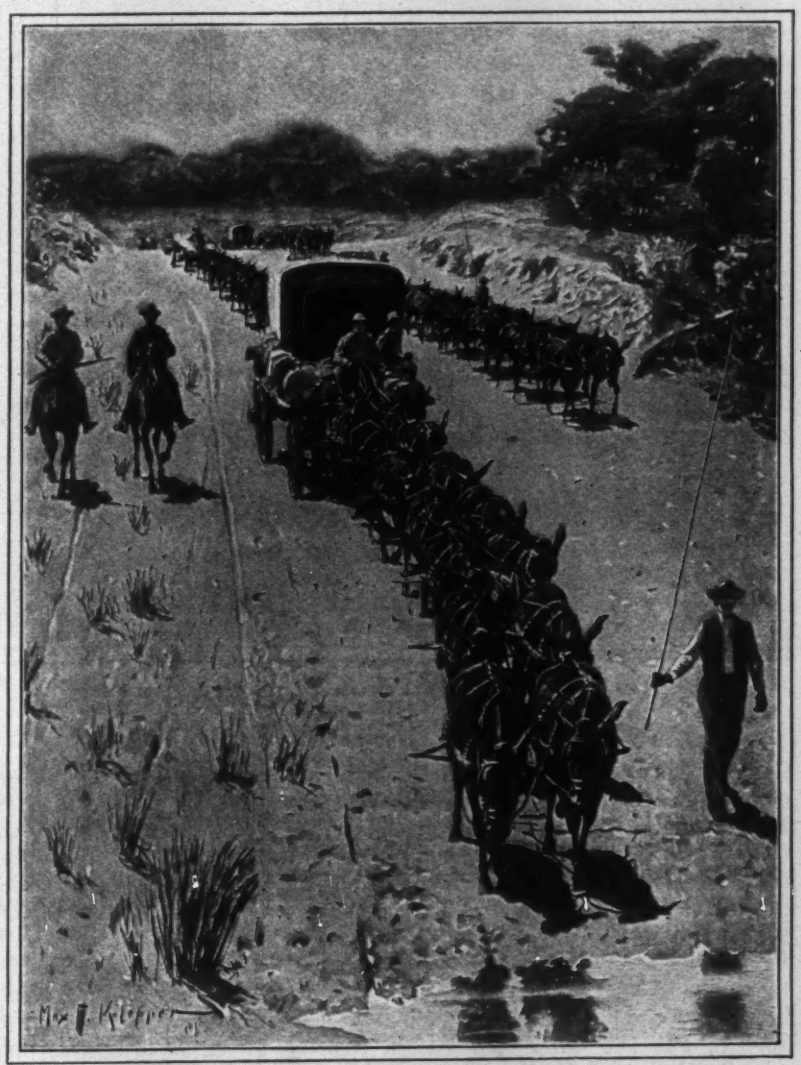
"This railway," said Herr Rothstein, "like many others of the same nature, is being built under the compulsion of an impulse, or an instinct, which it is impossible to justify on financial, political, or military grounds. The sacrifices which the construction entails will never be repaid, at least to the men who make them. From a financial point of view, I could name a score of other methods of investing money within the empire that would pay handsomely, pay far better than this transcontinental railway can ever hope to do. But nations appear to be sometimes possessed by an uncontrollable passion to bring together the uttermost ends of a continent, quite irrespective of rational motives. It is a kind of demon which drives them; and I can only suppose that the impulsion is intended to promote the general good of mankind. Certainly, in our case, the sacrifices are much more obvious than the gain to Russia."

If this be the case with the Siberian rail-

way, what can be said of the Cape to Cairo line but that it is a still more striking illustration of Herr Rothstein's doctrine? From a political point of view, the British Empire will profit even more than Russia by the building of the Asiatic through railway, over which in a few years will pass all the mails between England and her colonies and dependencies in the Pacific. From every point of view, the construction of the line across Siberia is more important to the English-speaking world than the Cape to Cairo railway. To shorten the time in which one can travel round the planet from sixty-five to thirty-three days is an achievement of supreme value to the only race that has planted its families all around the world. But the Cape to Cairo railway will not materially diminish the dimensions of the planet. After it is built, no express will traverse the Continent in less than eleven days. Add to this the four or five days between London and Cairo, and we have fifteen or sixteen days for the overland route, as against seventeen or eighteen days by sea.

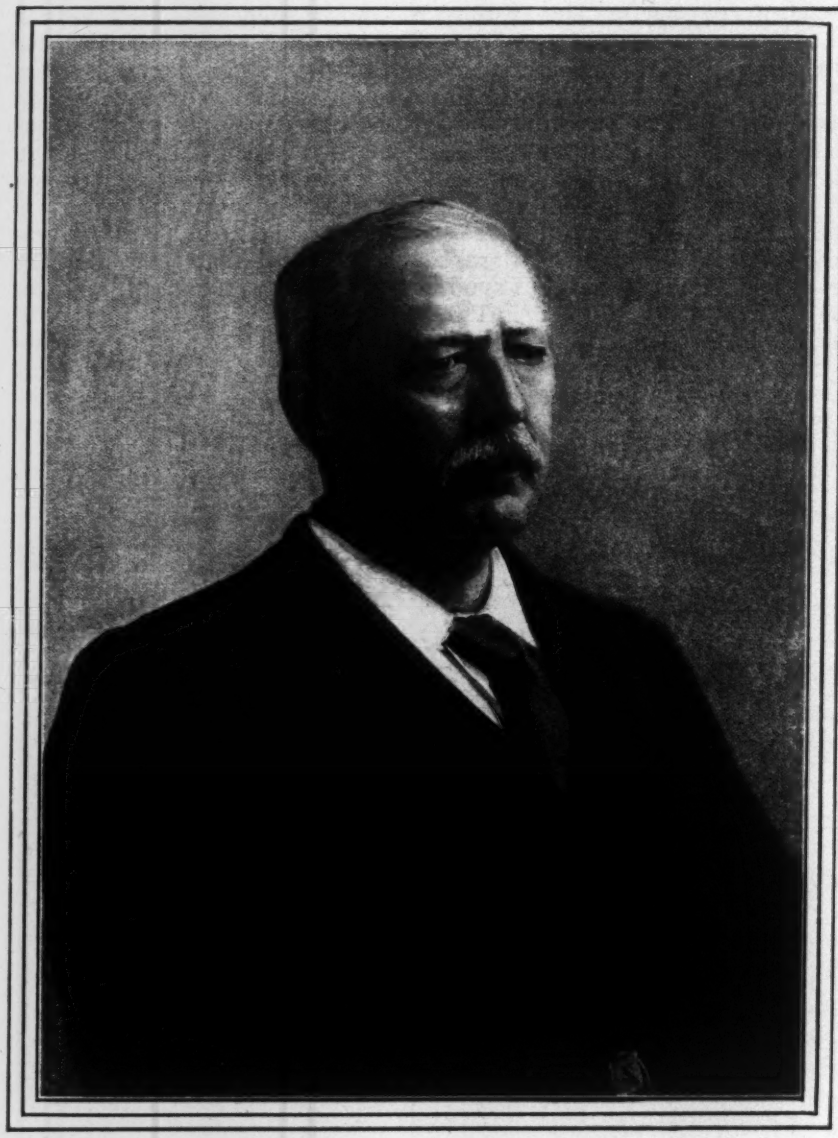
If the Cape to Cairo line is not urgently wanted in order to expedite communication between London and the extremities of Africa for imperial or military reasons, it is still less wanted from the point of view of a dividend-earning investment. There is at this moment no through traffic of any kind between the Cape and Cairo. The two ends of the African Continent have absolutely nothing in common, except that they are both African, and that both are at present under the shelter of the British flag. To build the line would cost fifty million dollars at least, possibly twice as much. It is extremely doubtful whether it would earn a dividend or could even be worked except at a loss. And yet, notwithstanding all these obvious and indisputable considerations, it is by no means impossible that the Cape to Cairo line may be in working order in 1909.

Why it should be so, why the keenly practical and stolidly unimaginative Briton should be bending his energies and lavishing his resources in order to construct a line from



FROM CAPE TO CAIRO—THE PRESENT METHOD OF TRANSPORTATION.

Drawn from a photograph.

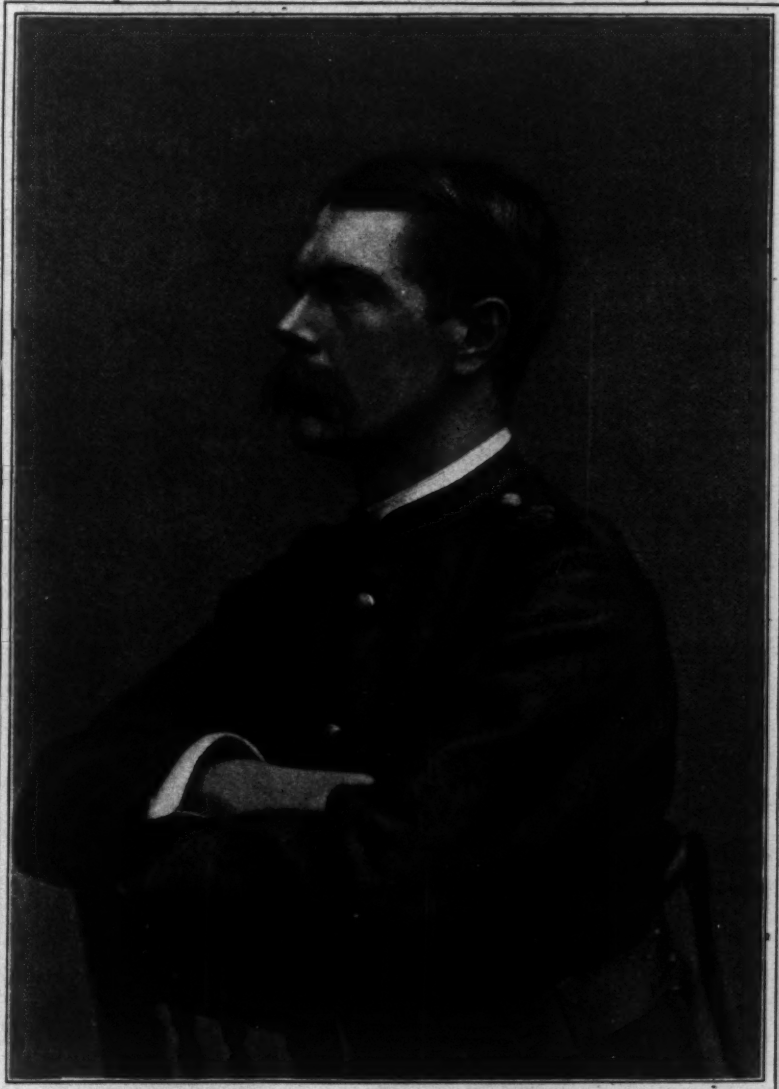


LORD EVELYN BARING CROMER, BRITISH CONSUL-GENERAL IN EGYPT.

From a copyrighted photograph by Elliott & Fry, London.

Cape to Cairo, it is difficult to explain, except on the theory of Herr Rothstein—that the Providence that rules mankind has willed that the ends of the world should be linked together and that the continents should be bridged by the iron rail; and so, obedient to the Invisible Power behind the veil, mortal men hasten to carry out their appointed task. That may be, perhaps is, the occult, hidden source from which such activities spring; but the outer and visible reasons why the Cape to Cairo line is coming into being are simple and obvious enough. The first and dominating cause is the fact that the idea has fascinated the imagination of Mr. Rhodes; and the second and hardly less potent reason is the fact that the Cape and Cairo both begin with the letter C. Possibly this second reason ought to have precedence over the first, for who knows how much of the fascination which has caught Mr. Rhodes's fancy was due to "apt alliteration's artful aid"?

After these two leading motives, there must be mentioned as a potent third cause the jealousy of the nations, and especially the anxiety of many Englishmen for the security of their somewhat precarious position in Egypt and the Nile valley. It is true the railway, even when constructed, will not paint the African map British red from the Mediterranean to the Table Mountain. But it undoubtedly tinges the whole intervening region with the ruddy glow that heralds the dawn of Empire. Had the idea taken anything approaching its present shape in the days when the German claims to East Africa were being considered by the British Government, there would have been very stringent provisions made to secure a strip of territory down the side of Lake Tanganyika, along which the Cape to Cairo line would have had undisputed right of way.



LORD HORATIO HERBERT KITCHENER OF KHARTUM, SIRDAR OF THE EGYPTIAN ARMY.

From a copyrighted photograph by Elliott & Fry, London.

Unfortunately, the dream of Mr. Rhodes had not then even been dreamed. So it came to pass that a solid block of German territory intervenes between the northern and southern termini of the line, across which Mr. Rhodes must carry his railway as best he can, on terms the deciding factor in which lies, not in London, but in Berlin. That, however, only increased the desire of the British Imperialist to provide against any further interruptions of the continuity of British red between Cape and Cairo.

When steeplejacks wish to ascend a lofty spire, they are accustomed to fly a kite so that its string falls across the pinnacle. To this string a stout cord is attached, by the aid of which a rope and ladder are soon securely fixed in position, giving the steeplejack easy access to the summit. When Mr. Rhodes began to plan the construction of his Cape to Cairo railway, he flew his kite over the continent. Some five or six years ago—time flies fast when men are building empires—he startled the world with the announcement that he intended to construct an overland telegraph line from the Cape to Cairo. At first men jeered. When he appealed for funds from the public with which to lay down his wires through Central Africa, the Stock Exchange for once was deaf to his appeal. The Mahdist rebellion was then in full possession of Khartum and the Egyptian Soudan. Ever since Gordon's death, the vast belt of territory between the equatorial lakes and the Nile at Dongola had been hermetically sealed against European civilization. How could Rhodes hope to get his lines through Mahdidom?

"Oh, as to that," replied Rhodes with boyish confidence, "when the time comes, I shall know how to square the Mahdi."

People shrugged their shoulders, and said

that the fanaticism of the Mahdi would be proof even against the wealth of Mr. Rhodes. Then other objectors asked how the telegraph poles were to be protected from the white ants, those scavengers of Central Africa, to whose tooth nothing is sacred that has not within it the principle of life.

THE PIONEER OF THE RAILWAY—A TRACTION ENGINE LEAVING MACEQUECE, ON THE LINE OF CONSTRUCTION OF THE CAPE TO CAIRO RAILWAY.

Drawn from a photograph.

"Make them of iron," replied Rhodes.

"But against the wandering herds of wild elephants what avail will be your iron poles? These huge pachyderms would use the telegraph poles as scratching-posts."

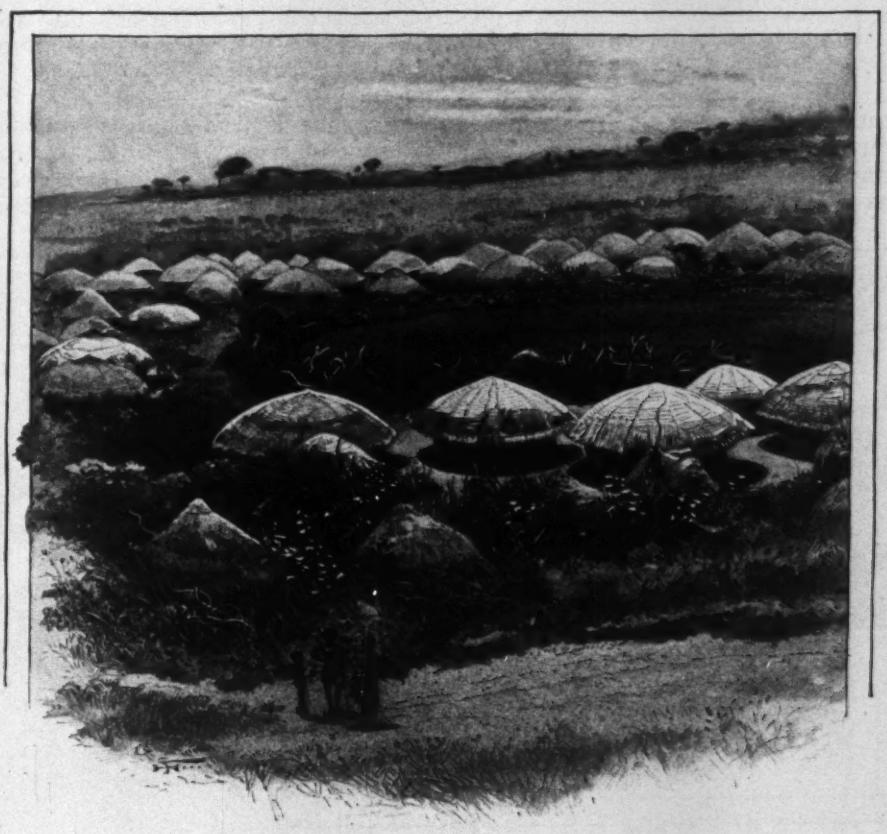
"We shall see," was Mr. Rhodes's reply. "And if you don't subscribe for the Cape to Cairo telegraph stock, I will find the money myself, and go ahead."

Nine-tenths of the money had to be found by Mr. Rhodes personally. But he is not a man to be balked in his purpose. He at once began the construction of the line, starting from the northern terminus of the Cape telegraphic service. He has pushed the line northward through Rhodesia to Umtali, in Mashonaland, which is 1,800 miles from the Cape, and is pushing it on through Nyassaland to the southern end of Lake Tanganyika, another 700 miles farther north. The total distance to be covered is 6,600 miles. At the same time, the Egyptian Government, under British auspices, was pushing its telegraph system southward from Wady Halfa. Its advance was intermittent, the erection of the telegraph poles being necessarily dependent upon the pushing back of the outposts of the Dervishes. Last autumn, however, the destruction of the power

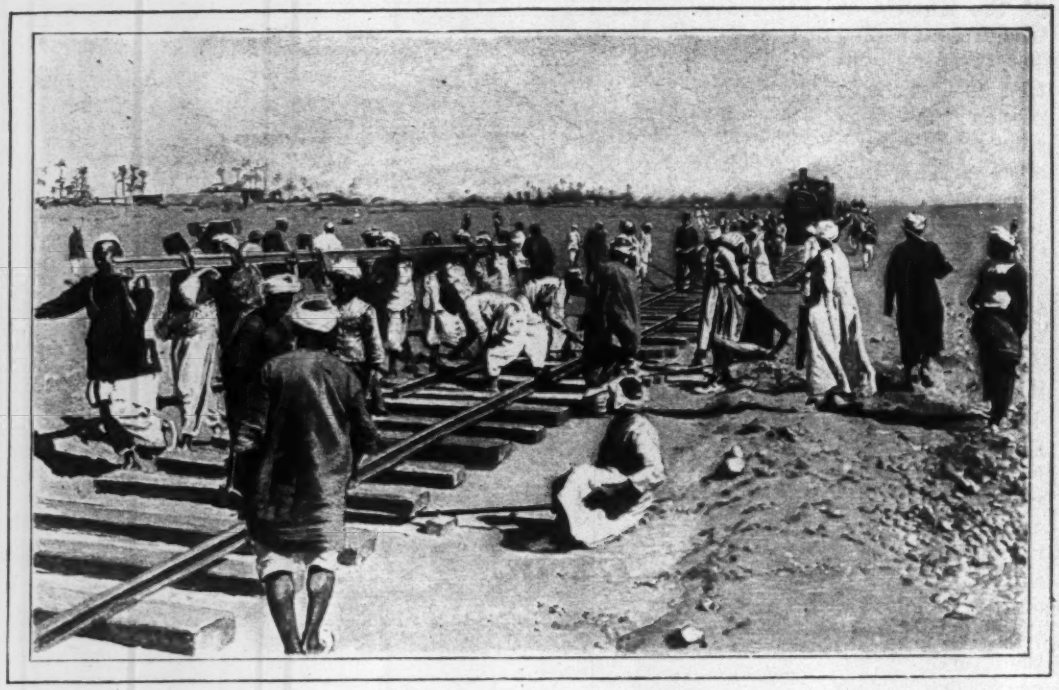
of the Khalifa at Omdurman enabled the Anglo-Egyptian authorities to reopen the long-closed telegraph office at Khartum. Khartum being 1,300 miles from Cairo, this reduces the distance to be spanned by the telegraph wire to 3,500 miles; or, if we reckon Abercorn on Lake Tanganyika as its northern terminus, only 2,800 miles. It is being rapidly eaten into at both ends, more rapidly in the south than in the north. Still nearly one-half of

A TYPICAL JUNGLE SCENE ON THE MOMBASA-UGANDA RAILWAY.

From a photograph copyrighted by the Committee of the Uganda Commission. The thorny scrub, which extends some 200 miles inland from the coast, is so heavy that it is often impossible to cut through more than a quarter of a mile a day.



A TYPICAL KAFFIR KRAAL, NEAR BULAWAYO, ON THE LINE OF THE CAPE TO CAIRO RAILWAY.



LAYING THE TRACK OF THE SOUDAN MILITARY RAILWAY.

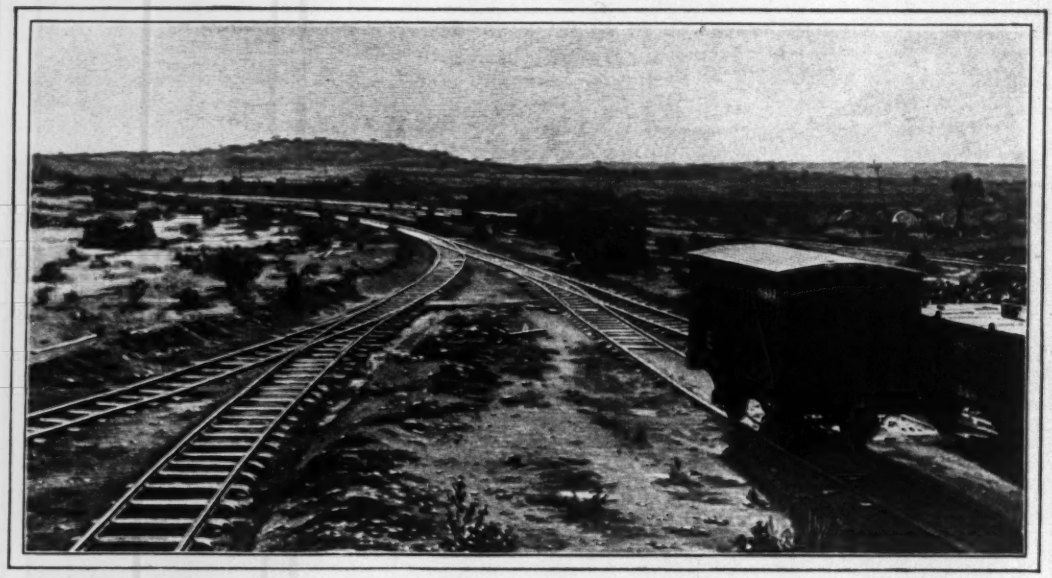
The gangs of Arab and Soudanese laborers laid the ties and rails brought to them by the construction train, shown in the distance. As fast as the rails were laid the train advanced. This and the picture below are drawn from photographs taken by René Bull, correspondent of "Black and White" in Egypt and the Soudan during the Khartum campaign.

the continent, and that the most difficult part, remains to be crossed. How difficult it is may be inferred from the fact that, whereas the line was put up at a cost of $250 a mile in Rhodesia, it is estimated that it may cost from $400 to $500 per mile in the territory between Umtali and the extreme southern limit of the Egyptian Soudan.

THE SOUDAN MILITARY RAILWAY—UNLOADING AMMUNITION AT THE HEAD OF THE LINE.

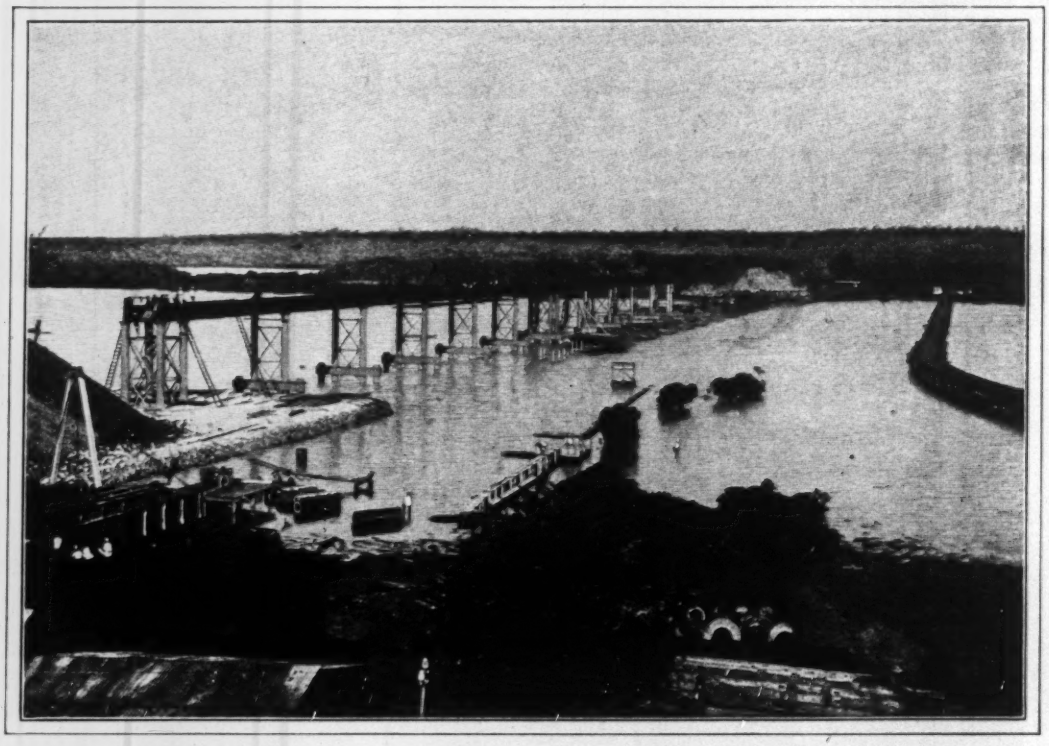
TRAVELERS' REST, AN INN NEAR BULAWAYO, ON THE CAPE TO CAIRO RAILWAY. DRAWN FROM A PHOTOGRAPH.

A TRAIN FORD ACROSS THE SHASHI RIVER, ONE HUNDRED MILES BELOW BULAWAYO, ON THE CAPE TO CAIRO RAILWAY. DRAWN FROM A PHOTOGRAPH.



VIEW FROM THE COAL STAGE, BULAWAYO, CAPE TO CAIRO RAILWAY. THE MAIN LINE IS ON THE RIGHT.
Drawn from a photograph.

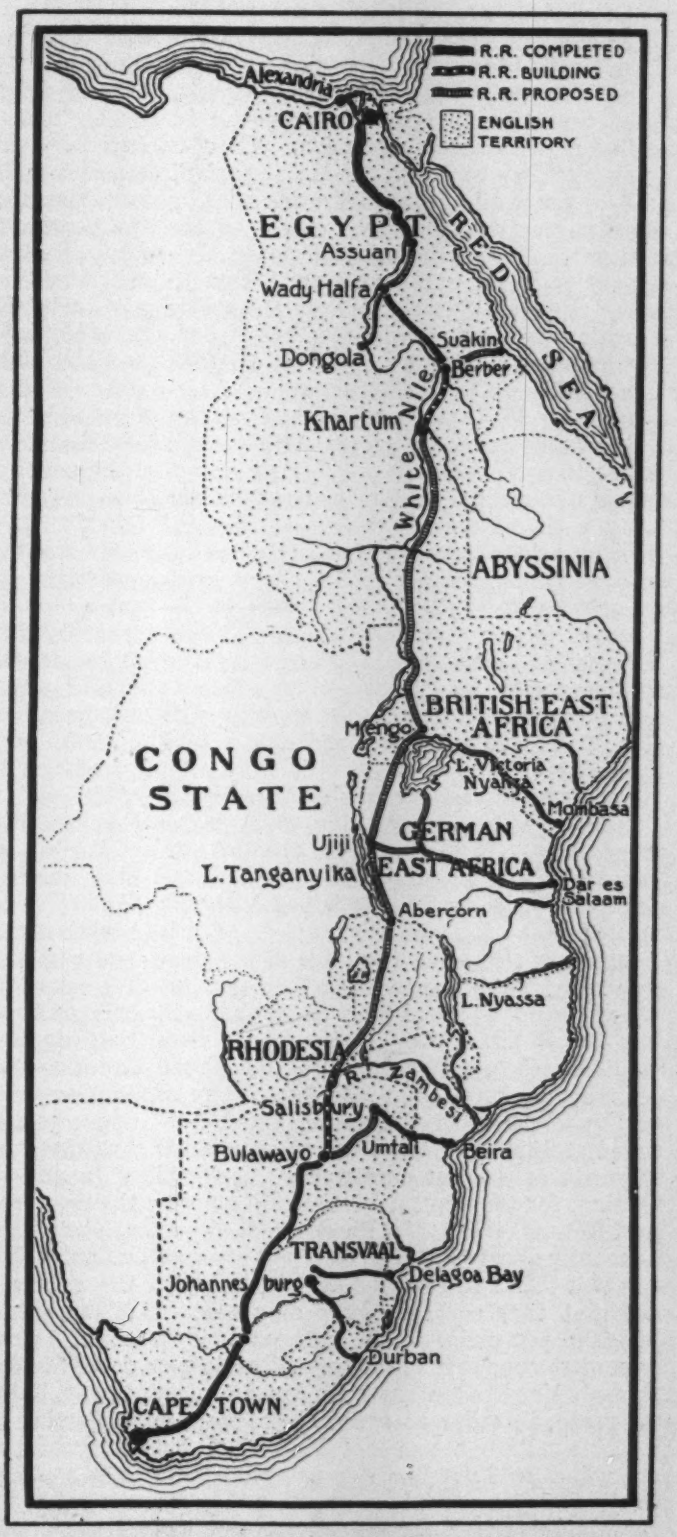
From Umtali, the telegraph line strikes northward to Tete, where it crosses the Zambesi, and joins the telegraphic system of Nyassaland at Blantyre. From thence, it skirts the lake on the western coast to Karonga, which was reached last December.



MACAPA BRIDGE, ON THE LINE OF THE MOMBASA-UGANDA RAILWAY.

From a photograph copyrighted by the Committee of the Uganda Railway Commission. On the left of the picture is shown the partially completed iron bridge; on the right is the temporary timber viaduct, constructed for working proposes. Timber does not last long in these waters, because they are infected by the Teredo navalis, or ship-worm.

From Karonga, the route lies through Rhodesia to the southern end of Lake Tanganyika. From Abercorn, it will enter German territory, and skirt Lake Tanganyika on the east. The Germans gave Mr. Rhodes leave to carry his line through German territory on condition that he would, in addition to his own through wire, lay down at his own cost a separate line between Rhodesia and British East Africa, the wire of which is to be used solely for the telegraph traffic of German East Africa, and to be the property of the German Government, which will keep up the line at Mr. Rhodes's expense. At the end of forty years, the German Government may take over the line without paying compensation of any kind. Beggars must not be choosers, and the German Government having Mr. Rhodes at its mercy, drove this bargain before giving him way leave through territory which it has neither colonized, civilized, nor occupied. After leaving German territory, the telegraph line will make its way to Mengo, in Uganda; and then, avoiding the malarious valley of the Nile between Lake Albert and Khartum, it will traverse the edge of the plateau that skirts the frontier of Abyssinia, and make a junction with the Anglo-Egyptian system on the frontier of the Soudan. With the exception of the 700 miles of German territory, the whole distance from Cape to Cairo is already colored British red on the African map. That distance may be reduced to 300 miles if the beginning of German territory is reckoned at the north end of Tanganyika, instead of the south. England has a right of free navigation over the whole length of the lake—400 miles—so that, in reality, of the 6,600 miles which stretch between Cape



MAP SHOWING THE ENTIRE LINE OF THE CAPE TO CAIRO RAILWAY. COMPILED FROM THE LATEST SOURCES OF INFORMATION.

and Cairo the traveling Briton need only for 300 miles stray beyond the protecting shadow of the Union Jack.

The Transcontinental Telegraph Company, unlike the Cape to Cairo railway, can be justified as a financial speculation. The cost of telegraphing to South Africa at present is $1.20 per word. Communication goes by cables on the east and west coasts of the continent. The capital invested in the African cables is estimated at from fifteen to twenty million dollars. To keep the cables in repair six vessels are constantly employed, three on each coast. To build the overland line costs from $250 to $500 per mile. Averaging it at $375, the total cost of putting up the telegraph wire across Africa would be less than $2,500,000. The cost of upkeep is also much less for the overland line than for the submarine cable. It may, indeed, be calculated that the cost of maintenance will be largely met by local messages, none of which are of course at the command of the cable companies. The net result is that, when the overland wire is in working order, Mr. Rhodes will be able to reduce the cost of telegraphy at once from $1.20 to 84 cents a word, and earn a good dividend besides.

So much for the telegraph line, which it is expected will be in working order in five years' time. It is, however, the Cape to Cairo railway that has most attracted the attention of the world. It is not built yet; hardly half of it is contracted for. But it is following closely on the heels of the telegraph, and Mr. Rhodes recently invited me to be present at the laying of the last rail on January 20, 1909. In ten years' time the line, it is calculated, will be completed and ready to carry the mails from Cairo to the Cape. The cost of the whole line is estimated at $125,000,000. But as over 3,000 miles are at present constructed, the total required for the central section will not exceed $75,000,000. Mr. Rhodes, indeed, put it recently at only $50,000,000. His estimate was that 3,229 miles still needed to be built, and that they could be built at a cost of $15,000 per mile. This, however, is a somewhat sanguine estimate. Since it was framed, Mr. Rhodes has seen cause to vary the route, in order to avoid the swamps in the Nile valley—a commendable object, but one which will not diminish the mileage of iron way. The cost of constructing the Cape railway through Bechuanaland was $15,000 per mile; but in Rhodesia, owing to the greater cost of carriage and the increased cost of labor, the railway bill ciphered out at $19,000 per mile. It will be strange if the cost is less than this in the centre of equatorial Africa.

The task of bridging the continent of Africa by a railway has been facilitated by the necessities of war. Hosea Biglow's familiar saying about "civilization getting a lift in the powder-cart" was seldom more appositely illustrated than by the recent war in the Soudan. When the Sirdar, General—now Lord—Kitchener began to work out the carefully calculated plan of campaign which he had matured for striking down the Dervishes of the Desert, he found himself confronted by this almost insuperable difficulty. The heart of the enemy was situate just 1,200 miles south of Cairo. To reach that heart and deal it a deadly blow, 1,200 miles (chiefly desert) had to be traversed by an army every mouthful of whose food, to say nothing of its powder and shot, its forage, and all its other impedimenta, must be despatched from a base 1,200 miles to the rear of the fighting front. In the previous invasion of the Soudan, Lord Wolseley had endeavored to overcome this immense difficulty of transport by utilizing the Nile and despatching an army in rowboats, past the cataracts, to Dongola. The experience of that expedition hardly justified the repetition of the experiment. If, therefore, the great blow was to be struck at the heart of Mahdism, the desert between Wady Halfa and Berber must be bridged by a railway. There was comparatively little engineering to do. The desert is level. Its drawback is not difficult gradients, but the scantiness of water. Between the starting-point at Wady Halfa and the terminus at the Atbara there are only two wells—one place per 175 miles where you can quench your thirst under an African sun cannot be considered an ideal allowance. The line was constructed for the most part by the natives, the Egyptian soldiers lending a hand under English supervision. When the Dervishes were beaten in the earlier campaign, their disbanded soldiers eagerly sought employment in making the line along which, a few months later, a force of 23,000 men was to be hurled against the capital of the Khalifa.

Further progress was stopped by the difficulty of bridging the Atbara. It was decided to throw a bridge across the river before the July floods. The time was short. Tenders were invited from British bridge-builders on a specification which was so elaborate that, when the tenders arrived, it was

discovered that the building would take two years to erect, as it was not capable of being launched. Fresh tenders had to be invited in hot haste, and to the infinite dismay of the British public it was discovered that the Americans beat their rivals hollow both as to time and as to price. The order was not a very large one. The total cost of the bridge was only $32,500. But no incident in recent years has brought home to the British public the extent to which the British manufacturer has been beaten by his American rival more forcibly than this matter of the Atbara bridge. No English firm could undertake to deliver the bridge either at the cost or in the time which it was supplied by the Americans. Within thirty-seven days of the receipt of the order, the seven spans of the Atbara bridge left New York Harbor for their destination in Egypt.

The line south of the Atbara on to Khartum is already in course of construction. Thousands of the Dervishes who escaped unhurt from the slaughter of Omdurman are shoveling dirt at a beggarly pittance per day, and glad to get it. Openings for unskilled labor are not too numerous in the Soudan.

The ultimate route of the Khartum railway is uncertain. Originally the idea was entertained of carrying it along the Nile valley through Fashoda to Sobat, where the trunk line from the south was to have effected a junction. More careful examination of the proposed route has compelled a modification of this scheme. It is more likely that the railway will be deflected eastward, and, like the telegraph, will skirt the western frontiers of Abyssinia. There is also some talk of building the much discussed Suakim-Khartum branch; but at present the notion is not to cross the desert to Berber, but to trend southward by Kassala. Suakim is undoubtedly the sea-gate of the Egyptian Soudan, and a line of a few hundred miles in length has always an enormous pull over its rival whose haulage exceeds a thousand miles.

A railway without a seaport is like a plant without a root, and even this transcontinental line will depend for its prosperity chiefly upon the number and facility of its points of access to the sea. Its northern terminus is Alexandria, once one of the greatest of all seaports, and still the most thriving harbor in the African continent. The southern terminus is at the base of Table Mountain, that silent sentinel which looks from the extreme limit of Africa over the waste of water which stretches southward to the Antarctic ice. Between these two extreme ports, separated by 6,000 miles, there is at present only one port from which the Cape to Cairo line has access to the ocean. This is where the little two-foot gauge Beira-Salisbury railway crosses the malarial region of Portuguese South Africa, 200 miles south of the delta of the Zambesi. Beira is the natural seaport of Rhodesia. When Portugal sells her colonies, Beira with Delagoa Bay will pass into the hands of the English. But at present satisfactory working arrangements enable the Rhodesians to receive and despatch merchandise across Portuguese territory to the Indian Ocean.

When we turn from the railways from the seacoast which actually exist to those which are already projected, or are partly constructed, we find that the Cape to Cairo railway may count upon having access to the sea by means of independent lines running westward into the interior on the East Coast at five different points. To the West Coast there is at present talk of two railways: one crossing German territory to the British post of Walfisch Bay, the other stretching across the Congo Free State, which would unite the Atlantic with Lake Tanganyika. The latter is something more than a project, for the Belgians have partially surveyed the route, and the telegraph and telephone, the pioneers of the railway, have already linked the great inland lake with the Congo waterway. The distance, however, between the Cape to Cairo line and the Western Coast is so much greater than that which divides it from the Indian Ocean that we need not discuss the West African lines as material factors in the success of Mr. Rhodes's project.

The railways from the East Coast which will feed the great trunk line are as follows:

(1) The Natal railway, which starts from Durban, and at present terminates in the Transvaal.

(2) The Delagoa Bay railway, starting from the port of that name, in Portuguese territory, and terminating, like the Natal railways, in the Transvaal.

At present, and so long as President Kruger is supreme in the Boer Republic, there will be no junction between the Cape to Cairo line and the railways serving the Transvaal. But President Kruger's day is hastening to its close. Nothing is more certain in the future than that the Federation of all South African States will be accomplished under British auspices. When that day comes, perhaps even before that day comes, the

Transvaal railways will be joined to the great trunk line which runs northward just outside the frontier of the Republic.

(3) The Beira railway, of which I have already spoken, crossing Portuguese territory, enters Rhodesia at Umtali, from which point it is in communication with Salisbury on the north and Bulawayo in the southwest. It is to be widened to three feet six inches, experience having shown that a two-foot gauge line cannot be worked at a profit. As the result of the change in gauge, the freight will be reduced from $55 to $40 per ton.

(4) The German East African railway, which is still a subject for discussion at Berlin. This line, the preliminary survey of which has been undertaken, will start from the sea-coast, and after crossing the German Protectorate to Tabora, will throw out two branches, one terminating at Ujiji on Lake Tanganyika, the other at some post on the Victoria Nyanza. The first section of this line—only one-sixth of the whole—will connect the coast with Mrogoro in Ukami; and although only 110 miles in length, it is estimated that to build it will cost $3,000,000, an average of $30,000 per mile. The cost of building the railway to the Lakes cannot, therefore, be less than $20,000,000.

(5) The British East African railway from Mombasa to the Victoria Nyanza. This line is now in course of construction. Three hundred miles, or nearly one-half of the entire line, have been built across the lowlands nearest the sea, at a cost of $8,750,000, which makes the average cost about the same as the German estimate. The remaining half, which is more difficult from an engineering point of view, will bring the total expenditure up to a sum far exceeding the original estimate of $15,000,000. The lake terminus of the Mombasa railway will be close to the German frontier, on the eastern shore of the Victoria Nyanza. The Cape to Cairo line will pass on the western coast of the lake. Owing to the extraordinary perversity of the British Foreign Office, the gauge of the Mombasa line differs from that of all other African railways. The gauge of the Egyptian railways is four feet eight inches. The gauge of the South African lines is three feet six inches. But the gauge of the Mombasa line is three feet three inches.

(6) Between Mombasa and Suakim, on the Red Sea, there is a stretch of 1,800 miles as the crow flies, a belt through which there will be no access to the sea. Not until we reach Suakim can the Cape to Cairo line extend a branch to the sea. Whether *via* Berber or *via* Kassala, there is no doubt but that it will reach the sea at Suakim.

In constructing the Cape to Cairo line, it is to be expected that at first, at all events, its builders will avail themselves of the remarkable series of waterways which line their route. Even to this day, although the railway runs 350 miles south of Wady Halfa, the Egyptian Government is content to rely upon the Nile for the 200 miles which lie between Assuan and Wady Halfa. If Mr. Rhodes were to utilize all the lakes on his way, he would be able to get a lift of 400 miles on Lake Nyassa, 400 more along Tanganyika, and nearly 300 on the Victoria Nyanza, so that at least one-third of the gap yet to be bridged could be crossed by steamer. If, in addition to the lakes, he decided to utilize the Nile below Khartum, it is possible to travel, when the Nile is high, 450 miles from Khartum to Fashoda; and if the sudd or floating vegetation could be cut through by steamer and the waterway kept clear, he might go by boat to the Albert Nyanza, which is 750 miles farther south. By thus utilizing both river and lakes, the distance to be covered by rail would be reduced to little more than 1,000 miles. Mr. Rhodes's idea is, however, to carry the railway the whole distance, so as to avoid transhipment, and to escape the malarious marshes between Khartum and the Albert Nyanza.

Mr. Rhodes began his end of the line by building 600 miles of railway from Vryburg in Bechuanaland to Bulawayo in Rhodesia. The construction was hurried because the cattle-plague, by destroying the oxen of South Africa, rendered transport impossible. The railway was not built by the Chartered Company—the East India Company of South Africa, which came into existence to enable Mr. Rhodes to execute his great designs—but the company formed for its construction received a twenty years' subsidy from the Chartered Company of $50,000 per annum, and the company besides guaranteed five per cent. interest on the first mortgage debentures and debenture stock. The cost of building the line was about $10,000,000, toward which the Imperial Government, through Sir William Harcourt (then Chancellor of the Exchequer), contributed $1,000,000. The line has been very successful, and its success has naturally led to a demand for a further extension.

No practical proposal, it need hardly be said, has ever been made as yet to construct the Cape to Cairo line. All that is at pres-

ent in negotiation is the construction of the northward extension of the Bechuanaland railway to the gold and coal regions of Rhodesia, which it is necessary to tap in the interest of the colonists themselves. Even if there were no Cape to Cairo Grand Trunk line in the air, the building of the railway to the gold region of Gwelo and the valuable coal field of the Mafungabusi district would be indispensable. The Bechuanaland Railway Company needs coal. At present it has to carry its fuel as well as its freight from the Cape to Rhodesia. Hence its cars return empty. When the Mafungabusi area is tapped, where seventy miles of coal-beds lie waiting the pick of the miner, not only will the railway find fuel, but it will also find mineral to fill the cars at present returned empty. The hundred miles from Bulawayo to Gwelo are all surveyed and pegged out ready for the constructor. From Gwelo to Mafungabusi, a distance of 150 miles, another section is surveyed and will be taken in hand at once. Beyond Mafungabusi there are only 150 miles to cross before the line will reach the Zambesi. This river it is proposed to bridge just outside the Portuguese frontier, about 500 miles east of the Victoria Falls, where a short bridge of a quarter of a mile will carry the line across the one great river it will meet on its northward way. Mr. Rhodes hopes to cross the Zambesi in five years' time.

Up to this point, the Cape to Cairo line may be said to have materialized or to be in a fair way to materialize. North of the Zambesi, the line exists only on paper and in the imagination of Mr. Rhodes. No regular survey has been made, and it is quite possible that the line of route at present contemplated may be abandoned. The telegraph route, for instance, differs widely from that which the railway will follow. It is easy to sling a telegraph wire across ravines without regard to gradients which would baffle the engineer of a railway. The telegraph line crosses Portuguese territory at Tete, and makes its way to Blantyre, and then skirts Lake Nyassa to Karonga. The original design of the railway is to run it west of Zumbo, midway between Nyassa and Bangweolo, along a healthy open plateau which skirts the Loango valley to Lake Cheroma, 220 miles north of the Zambesi. From thence it will strike 280 miles across country to the southern end of Lake Tanganyika. The cost of constructing the line from Bulawayo to Tanganyika is estimated at about $15,000,000—900 miles at about $16,000 per mile. Land costs nothing, labor is cheap. In the diamond mines, Mr. Rhodes pays his stalwart native as much as three hundred dollars a year. But on the Zambesi labor is plentiful at eighteen dollars per annum. The men employed in pegging out the telegraph line between Nyassa and Tanganyika are paid in a currency of calico estimated at less than a dollar a month. The engineering difficulties are not great, being chiefly confined to the crossing of the valley of the Zambesi and the rapid descent from the plateau to the shores of the Tanganyika.

Nothing has yet been arranged with the German Government for the railway right of way across German East Africa. Mr. Rhodes is not worrying himself about what must be done five years hence. He is content to arrange for the immediate necessities of the colony which bears his name. Not until 1904 will he be able to cross the Zambesi, and it is a far cry from the Zambesi to the southern frontier of German East Africa. What will happen then it is premature to discuss to-day. Mr. Rhodes, no doubt, believes that he will be able to arrange terms whereby, to the mutual advantage of Great Britain and Germany, he will be permitted to carry his line through to Uganda. But while preparing for all eventualities, Mr. Rhodes, being a practical man, prefers to concentrate his energies on the next step, which is the northward extension of the Bechuanaland railway to the Mafungabusi coal field.

Such, in brief, is a sketch of the Cape to Cairo line. It is the first great trunk railway ever designed to span a continent from north to south. It is the first railway projected to cross the equator at right angles, and the only railway in the world which has ever been designed to cross territory across which no road, trade route, or human trackway has yet existed. No government is at the back of it. No financial syndicate hopes to make money out of it. That it should exist even in the realm of imagination is due solely to the creative genius of one man, and that the man who only three years ago was stripped of all his official positions and solemnly censured by a Parliamentary committee. But the greatness of Cecil Rhodes is not dependent upon official positions. His official positions, indeed, were only the certificates of an influence which existed before they were granted and which their withdrawal was powerless to affect. The Cape to Cairo railway is only the shadow of the African Colossus falling athwart the continent which is dominated by his personality.

THE GENTLEMAN FROM INDIANA.

A NOVEL.

By Booth Tarkington.

SUMMARY OF EARLIER CHAPTERS.

John Harkless, coming to the town of Plattville an unknown "young man from the East," has brought the "Carlow County Herald" from bankruptcy to prosperity, and made it a decided moral force in the community. He has compelled an unsavory politician, Rodney McCune, to retire to private life; has sent eight members of a gang of marauders, known as "White Caps," to the penitentiary; and has retrieved from drunkenness a broken-down schoolmaster, Fisbee, and given him employment on the paper. By these achievements he has secured the gratitude of all concerned except the White Caps, who threaten vengeance. A fair visitor now arrives in town—Helen Sherwood, related, apparently, in some wise to Fisbee. Harkless goes one night to call on her, and is fired at by the White Caps. She exposes herself to the fire by running to his assistance. So far as he recalls, he has never seen her before; but he finds in her the realization of many a fond dream. Next day he discovers that his dreams have been in part memories, for he had known Helen, slightly, some years earlier; and she has kept trace of him ever since.

This day, during a circus parade which Helen and he are viewing together, Harkless breaks up the game of a pair of confidence men; and in the crowd and excitement, he is again secretly assailed by the White Caps, but without injury. In the evening, when they are alone in the garden of Helen's host, Judge Briscoe, she discloses to Harkless that she has been suddenly summoned home. This impels him, in spite of himself, to confess the love he is already feeling for her. Then, under the rejection he infers rather than receives, he leaves her desperately, to be caught soon after in a terrific storm. In the midst of the storm, as there becomes too much reason to fear, he is assailed a third time by the White Caps.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE COURT-HOUSE BELL.

THE court-house bell ringing in the night! No hesitating stroke of Schofield's Henry, no uncertain touch, was on the rope. A loud, wild, hurried clamor pealing out to wake the country-side, a rapid *clang! clang! clang!* that struck clear in to the spine. . . . The court-house bell had tolled for the death of Morton, of Garfield, of Hendricks; had rung joy-peals of peace after the war and after political campaigns; but it had rung as it was ringing now only three times: once when Hibbard's mill burned; once when Webb Landis killed Sep Bardlock, and intrenched himself in the lumber-yard, and would not be taken until he was shot through and through; and once when the Rouen accommodation, crowded with children and women and men, was wrecked within twenty yards of the station.

Why was the bell ringing now? Men and women, startled into wide wakefulness, groped to windows. No red mist hung over town or country. What was it? The bell rang on. Its loud alarm beat increasingly into men's hearts, and quickened their throbbing to the rapid measure of its own. Vague forms loomed in the gloaming. A horse, madly ridden, splashed through the town. There were shouts. Voices called hoarsely. Lamps began to gleam in the windows. Half-clad people emerged from their houses, men slapping their braces on their shoulders as they ran out of doors. Questions were shouted into the dimness.

Then the news went over the town.

It was cried from yard to yard, from group to group, from gate to gate, and reached the furthermost confines. Runners shouted it as they sped by, and boys panted it, breathless; women with loosened hair stumbled into darkling chambers and faltered it out to new-wakened sleepers; and pale girls, clutching wraps at their throats, whispered it across fences. The sick, tossing on their hard beds, heard it. The bell clamored it far and near; it spread over the country-side, and it flew over the wires to distant cities. The White Caps had got Mr. Harkless!

Lige Willetts had lost track of him out near Briscoe's, it was said, and had come into town at midnight seeking him. He had found Parker, the "Herald" foreman, and Ross Schofield, the typesetter, and Bud Tipworthy, the devil, at work in the printing-office, but no sign of Harkless, there or in the cottage. Together these had sought for him, and had roused others, who had inquired at every house where he might have gone for shelter; and they had heard nothing. They had watched for his coming during the slackening of the storm; he had not come, and there was no place he could have gone. He was missing. Only one thing could have happened.

They had roused up Warren Smith, the

prosecutor; and Horner, the sheriff; and Jared Wiley, the deputy. William Todd had rung the alarm. It was agreed that the first thing to do was to find him. After that there would be trouble—if not before. It looked as if there would be trouble before. The men tramping up to the muddy Square in their shirt sleeves were bulgy about the right hips; and when Homer Tibbs joined Columbus Landis at the hotel corner, and Landis saw that Homer was carrying a shot-gun, Landis went back for his. A hastily sworn posse galloped out Main Street. Women and children ran into neighbors' yards and began to cry. Day was coming, and, as the light grew, men swore and savagely kicked at the palings of fences as they ran by them.

In the foreglow of dawn they gathered in the Square, and listened to Warren Smith, who made a speech from the court-house fence and warned them to go slow. They answered him with angry shouts and hootings; but he made his big bass voice heard, and bade them do nothing rash; no facts were known, he said; it was far from certain that harm had been done; and no one knew that the Six-Cross-Roads people had done it, even if something had happened to Mr. Harkless. He declared that he spoke in Harkless's name. Nothing could distress *him* so much as for them to defy the law, to take it out of the proper hands. Justice would be done.

"Yes, it will!" shouted a man below him, brandishing the butt of a raw-hide whip above his head. "And while you jaw on about it here, he may be tied up like a dog in the woods, shot full of holes by the men you never lifted a finger to hender, because you want their votes when you run for circuit judge. What are we doin' *here?* What's the good of listening to you?"

There was a yell at this, and those who heard the speaker would probably have started for the Cross-Roads, had not a rumor sprung up, which passed rapidly from man to man and in a few moments had reached every person in the crowd. The news came that the two shell-gamblers had wrenched a bar out of a window under cover of the storm, had broken jail, and were at large. Their threats of the day before were remembered now, with convincing vividness. They had sworn repeatedly to Bardlock and to the sheriff, and in the hearing of others, that they would "do" for the man who had taken their money from them and had them arrested. The prosecuting attorney, quickly perceiving the value of this complication in holding back the mob that was already forming, called Horner from the crowd, and made him get up on the fence and confess that his prisoners had escaped—at what time he did not know, probably toward the beginning of the storm, when it was noisiest.

"You see," cried the attorney, "there is nothing as yet of which we can accuse the Cross-Roads. If our friend has been hurt, it is much more likely that these crooks did it. They escaped in time to do it, and we all know they were laying for him. You want to be mighty careful, fellow-citizens. Horner is already in telegraphic communication with every town around here, and he'll have those men before night. All you've got to do is to control yourselves a little and go home quietly." He could see that his words (except those in reference to returning home—no one was going home) made an impression. There was a babble of shouting and argument and swearing, that grew louder and louder.

Mr. Ephraim Watts, in spite of all confusion clad as carefully as upon the preceding day, deliberately climbed the fence, and stood by the lawyer, and made a single steady gesture with his hand. He was listened to at once, as his respect for the law was less notorious than his irreverence for it, and he had been known in Carlow as customarily a reckless man. They wanted illegal and desperate advice, and quieted down to hear it. He spoke in his professionally calm voice.

"Gentlemen, it seems to me that Mr. Smith and Mr. Ribshaw" (nodding to the man with the raw-hide whip) "are both right. What good are we doing here? What we want to know is what's happened to Mr. Harkless. It looks just now like the shell-men might have done it. Let's find out what they done. Scatter and hunt for him. Soon as anything's known for certain, Hibbard's mill whistle will blow three times. Keep on looking till it does. *Then*," he finished, with a barely perceptible scornful smile at the attorney, "*then* we can decide on what had ought be done."

Six-Cross-Roads lay dark and steaming in the sun that morning. The forge was silent, the saloon locked up, the roadway deserted, even by the pigs. The broken old buggy stood rotting in the mud without a single lean little old man or woman—such were the children of the Cross-Roads—to play about it. Once, when the deputy sheriff rode through alone, a tattered black hound, more wolf than dog, half-emerged, growling, from beneath one of the tumble-down barns, and

was jerked back into the darkness by his tail, with a snarl fiercer than his own, while a gun-barrel shone for a second as it swung for a stroke on the brute's head. The hound did not yelp or whine when the blow fell. He shut his eyes twice, and slunk sullenly back to his place.

The shanties might have received a volley or two from some of the mounted bands, exasperated by futile searching, had not the escape of Horner's prisoners made the guilt of the Cross-Roads appear doubtful in the minds of many. As the morning waned, the advocates of the theory that the gamblers had made away with Harkless grew in number. There came a telegram from the Rouen chief of police that he had a clew to their whereabouts. He thought they had succeeded in reaching Rouen, and it began to be generally believed that they had escaped by the one-o'clock freight train, which had stopped to take on some empty cars at a side-track a mile northwest of town, across the fields from the Briscoe house. Toward noon a party went out to examine the railroad embankment.

Men began to come back into the village for breakfast by twos and threes; but many kept on searching the woods, not feeling the need of food or caring if they did. Every grove and clump of underbrush, every thicket was ransacked; the waters of the creek, shallow for the most part, but swollen overnight, were dragged at every pool. Nothing was found; there was not a sign.

The bar of the hotel was thronged all morning as the returning citizens rapidly made their way thither, and those who had breakfasted and were going out again paused for internal, as well as external, reinforcement. The landlord, himself returned from a long hunt, set out his whisky with a lavish hand.

"He was the best man we had, boys," said Landis, as he poured the little glasses full. "We'd ort of sent him to the legislative halls of Washington long ago. He'd of done us honor there. But we never thought of doin' anything fer him; jest set 'round and left him build up the town and give him empty thankyes. Drink hearty, gentlemen," he finished, gloomily. "I don't grudge no liquor to-day—except to Lige Willetts."

"He was a good man," said young William Todd, whose nose was red, not from the whisky. "I've about give up."

"It's goin' to seem mighty empty around here," said Ross Schofield. "What's goin' to become o' the 'Herald' and the party in this district? Where's the man to run either of 'em now? Like as not," he concluded, desperately, "it'll go against us in the fall."

Dibb Zane choked over his four fingers. "We might's well bust up the dab-dusted ole town ef he's gone."

"I don't know what's come over that Cynthy Tipworthy," said the landlord. "She's waited table on him last two years, and her brother Bud works at the 'Herald' office. She didn't say a word, only looked and looked and looked, like a crazy woman; then her and Bud went off together to hunt in the woods. They jest tuck hold of each other's hands like——"

"I reckon there ain't many crazier than them two Bowlders, father and son," interrupted a patron, wiping the drops from his beard as he set his glass on the bar. "They rid into town like a couple of wild Indians, the old man beatin' that gray mare o' theirn till she was one big walt, and he ain't natcherly no cruel man either. I expect Lige Willetts better keep out of Hartley's way."

"I keep out of no man's way," cried a voice behind him. Turning, they saw Lige standing on the threshold of the door that led to the street. In his hand he held the bridle of the horse he had ridden across the sidewalk, and that now stood panting, with lowered head half through the doorway, beside his master. Lige was hatless, splashed with mud from head to foot; his jaw was set, his teeth ground together; his eyes burned under red lids, and his hair lay tossed and damp on his brow. "I keep out of no man's way," he repeated hoarsely. "I heard you, Mr. Tibbs, but I've got too much to do, while you loaf and gas and drink over Landis's bar; I've got other business than keepin' out of Hart Bowlder's way. I'm lookin' for John Harkless. He was the best man we had in this ornery hole, and he was too good for us, and so we've maybe let him get killed, and maybe I'm to blame. But I'm goin' to find him, and if he's hurt—I'm going to have a hand on the rope that lifts the men that did it, if I have to go to Rouen to put it there! After that, I'll answer for my fault, not before!"

He threw himself on his horse, and was gone. Soon the room emptied, as the patrons of the bar returned to the search, and only Mr. Wilkerson and the landlord remained, the bar being the professional office, so to speak, of both.

At eleven o'clock, Judge Briscoe dropped

wearily from his horse at his own gate, and said to a wan girl who came running down the walk to meet him: "There is nothing yet. I sent the telegram to your mother —to Mrs. Sherwood."

Helen turned away without answering. Her face was very white, and looked pinched about the mouth. She went back to where old Fisbee sat on the porch, his white head held between his two hands; he was rocking himself to and fro. She touched him gently, but he did not look up. She spoke to him. "Father," she said.

He did not seem to hear her.

"There isn't anything yet. He sent the telegram. I shall stay with you now, no matter what you say." She sat beside him, and put her head down on his shoulder; and though for a moment he appeared not to notice it, when Minnie came out on the porch, hearing her father at the door, the old man had put his arm about the girl, and was stroking her fair hair softly.

Briscoe glanced at them, and raised a warning finger to his daughter, and they went tiptoeing into the house, where the Judge dropped heavily upon a sofa. Minnie stood before him with a look of pale inquiry, and he shook his head.

"No use to tell *them;* but I can't see any hope," he answered her, biting nervously at the end of a cigar. "I expect you better bring me some coffee in here; I couldn't take another step to save me. I'm too old to tear around the country horseback before breakfast, like I have to-day."

"Did you send her telegram?" Minnie asked, as he drank the coffee she brought him. She had interpreted "coffee" liberally, and, with the assistance of Mildy Upton (whose subdued nose was frankly red, and who shed tears on the raspberries), had prepared an appetizing table at his elbow.

"Yes," responded the Judge, "and I'm glad she sent it. I talked the other way yesterday, what little I said—it isn't any of our business—but I don't think any too much of those people, somehow. She thinks she belongs with Fisbee, and I guess she's right. That young fellow must have got along with her pretty well, and I'm afraid when she gives up, she'll be pretty bad over it; but I guess we all will. It's terribly sudden, somehow, though it's only what everybody half expected would come; only we thought it would come from over yonder." He nodded toward the west. "But she's got to stay here with us. Boarding at Tibbs's with that old man won't do; and she's no girl to live in two rooms. You fix it up with her—you make her stay."

"She must," answered his daughter, as she knelt beside him and patted his coat and handed him several things to eat at the same time. "Mr. Fisbee will help me persuade her, now that she's bound to stay in spite of him and the Sherwoods too. I think she is perfectly grand to do it. I've always thought she was grand—ever since she took me under her protection at school, when I"—Minnie was speaking sadly, mechanically; but suddenly she broke off with a quick sob, turned to the window, then turned again to Briscoe and cried: "I don't believe it! He knew how to take care of himself too well. He'd have got away from them."

Her father shook his head. "Then why hasn't he turned up? He'd have gone home after the storm if something bad wasn't the matter."

"But nothing—nothing *that* bad could have happened. They haven't found—any —anything."

"But why hasn't he come back, child?"

"Well, he's lying hurt somewhere, that's all."

"Then why haven't they found him?"

"I don't care," she cried, and choked with the words, and tossed her disheveled hair from her temples; "it isn't true! Helen won't believe it—why should I? It's only a few hours since he was right here in our yard, talking to us all. I won't believe it till they've searched every stick and stone of Six-Cross-Roads and found him."

"It wasn't the Cross-Roads," said the old gentleman, pushing the table away and relaxing his limbs on the sofa. "They probably didn't have anything to do with it. We thought they had, at first; but everybody's about come to believe it was those two fellows that he had arrested yesterday."

"It wasn't the Cross-Roads!" echoed Minnie, and she began to tremble violently. "Haven't they been out there yet?"

"What use? They are out of it, and they can thank God they are."

"They are not!" she cried, very much agitated. "They did it. It was the White Caps. We *saw* them, Helen and I!"

The Judge got upon his feet with an oath. He had not sworn for years until that morning. "What's this?" he said sharply.

"I ought to have told you before, but we were so frightened, and—and you went off in such a rush after Mr. Wiley was here. I never dreamed everybody wouldn't know it was the Cross-Roads; that they would *think*

of any one else. And I looked for the scarecrow as soon as it was light, and it was 'way off from where we saw them, and wasn't blown down at all; and Helen saw them in the field besides; saw all of them——"

He interrupted her. "What do you mean? Try to tell me about it quietly, child." He laid his hand on her shoulder.

She told him breathlessly what she and Helen had seen, and he grew more and more visibly perturbed and uneasy, biting his cigar to pieces and groaning at intervals. When she had finished, he took a few quick turns about the room, with his hands thrust deep in his coat-pockets, and then, charging her to repeat the story to no one, left the house, and, forgetting his fatigue, rapidly crossed the fields to the point where the bizarre figures of the night had shown themselves to the two girls at the window.

The soft ground had been trampled by many feet. The boot-prints pointed to the northeast. He traced them backward to the southwest through the field, and saw where they had come from near the road, going northeast. Then, returning, he climbed the fence, and followed them northward through the next field. From there, the next field to the north, lying beyond the road that was a continuation of Main Street, stretched to the railroad embankment. The track, ruggedly defined in trampled loam and muddy furrow, bent in a direction which indicated that its terminus might be the switch where the empty cars had stood last night, waiting for the one-o'clock freight. Though the fields had been trampled in many places by the searching parties, he felt sure of the direction taken by the Cross-Roads men, and he perceived that the searchers had mistaken the tracks he followed for those of earlier parties in the hunt. On the embankment he saw a number of men, walking west and examining the ground on each side, and a long line of people following them out from town. He stopped. He held the fate of Six-Cross-Roads in his hand, and he knew it.

The men on the embankment were walking slowly, bending far over, their eyes fixed on the ground. Suddenly one of them stood erect and tossed his arms in the air and shouted loudly. Other men ran to him, and another, far down the track, repeated the shout and the gesture to another far in his rear. This man took it up, and shouted and waved to a fourth man, and so they passed the signal back to town. There came, almost immediately, three long, loud whistles from a mill near the station; and the embankment grew black with people pouring out from town, while the searchers came running from the fields and woods and underbrush on both sides of the railway.

Briscoe began to walk on toward the embankment.

The track lay level and straight, not dimming in the middle distances, the rails converging to points both northwest and southeast, in the clean-washed air, like examples of perspective in a child's drawing-book. About seventy miles to the west and north lay Rouen; in the same direction, nearly six miles from where the signal was given, the track was crossed by a road leading directly south to Six-Cross-Roads.

The embankment had been newly ballasted with sand. What had been discovered was a broad brown stain in the sand on the south slope, near the top. There were smaller stains above and below, none beyond it to left or right; and there were many deep footprints in the sand. Men were examining the place excitedly, talking and gesticulating. It was Lige Willetts who had found it. His horse was tethered to a fence near by, at the end of a lane through a cornfield. Jared Wiley, the deputy sheriff, was talking to a group near the stain, explaining.

"You see, them two must have knowed about the one-o'clock freight, and that it was to stop here to take on the empty lumber-cars. I don't know how they knowed it, but they did. It was this way: when they got out the window, they beat through the storm straight for this side-track. At the same time Mr. Harkless leaves Briscoe's, goin' west. It begins to rain. He cuts across to the railroad to have a sure footing and strikin' for the deepo for shelter—near place as any, except Briscoe's, where he's said good-night already, and prob'ly don't wish to go back, fear of givin' trouble or keepin' 'em up. Anybody can understand that. He comes along, and gets to where we are precisely at the time *they* do, them comin' from town, him strikin' for it. They run right into each other. That's what happened. They re-*cog*-nized him, and raised up on him, and let him have it. What they done it with, I don't know. We took everything in that line off of 'em. Prob'ly used railroad iron; and what they done with him afterwards, we don't know, but we will by night. They'll sweat it out of 'em up at Rouen, when they get 'em."

"I reckon maybe some of us might help," remarked Mr. Watts reflectively.

Jim Bardlock swore a violent oath. "That's

the talk!" he shouted. "Ef I ain't the first man of this crowd to set my foot in Roowun, an' first to beat in that jail door, I'm not town marshal of Plattville, County of Carlow, State of Indiana, and the Lord have mercy on our souls!"

Tom Martin looked at the brown stain, and quickly turned away; then he went back slowly to the village. On the way he passed Warren Smith.

"Is it so?" asked the lawyer.

Martin answered with a dry throat. He looked out over the sunlit fields, and swallowed once or twice. "Yes, it's so. There's a good deal of it there. Little more than a boy he was." The old fellow passed his seamy hand over his eyes without concealment. "Peter ain't very bright sometimes, it seems to me," he added, brokenly; "overlook Bodeffer and Fisbee and me, and all of us old husks, and—and"—he gulped suddenly, then finished—"and act the fool, and take a boy that's the best we had. I wish the Almighty would take Peter off the gate; he ain't fit fer it."

When the attorney reached the spot where the crowd was thickest, way was made for him. The old colored man Xenophon approached at the same time, leaning on a hickory stick and bent very far over, one hand resting on his hip as if to ease a rusty joint. The negro's age was an incentive to fable. From his appearance he might have known the prophets, and he wore that hoary look of unearthly wisdom which many decades of superstitious experience sometimes give to members of his race. His face, so tortured with wrinkles that it might have been made of innumerable black threads woven together, was a living mask of the mystery of his blood. Harkless had once said that Uncle Xenophon had visited heaven before Swedenborg and hell before Dante. To-day, as he slowly limped over the ties, his eyes were bright and dry under the solemn lids, and though his heavy nostrils were unusually distended in the effort for regular breathing, the deeply puckered lips beneath them were set firmly. He stopped, and looked at the faces before him. When he spoke, his voice was gentle, and though the tremulousness of age harped on the vocal strings, it was rigidly controlled. "Kin some kine gelmun," he asked, "please t' be so good ez t' show de ole main whuh de W'ite Caips is done shoot Marse Hawkliss?"

"Here was where it happened, Uncle Zen," answered Wiley, leading him forward. "Here is the stain."

Xenophon bent over the spot on the sand, making little odd noises in his throat. Then he painfully resumed his former position. "Dass his blood," he said, in the same gentle, quavering tone. "Dass my bes' frien' whut lay on de groun' whay yo' staind, gelmun. Dass whuh dey laid 'im, an' dass whuh he lie," the old negro continued. "Dey shot 'im in de fiel's. Dey ain't shot 'im heah. Yondeh dey druggen 'im, but dis whuh he lie." He bent over again, then knelt, groaningly, and placed his hand on the stain, one would have said, as a man might place his hand over a heart to see if it still beat. He was motionless, with the air of hearkening.

"Marse, honey, is you gone?" He raised his voice as if calling. "Is you gone, suh?—Marse?"

He looked up at the circle about him, and then, still kneeling, not taking his hand from the sand, seeming to wait for a sign, to listen for a voice, he said: "Whafo' you gelmun think de good Lawd summon Marse Hawkliss? Kase he de mos' fittes'? You know, dat man he ketch me in de cole night, wintuh 'fo' lais', stealin' 'is wood. You know whut he done t' de ole thief? Tek an' buil' up big fiah een ole Zen' shainty. Say, 'He'p yo'se'f, an' welcome. Reckon you hongry, too, ain' you, Xenophon?' Tek an' feed me. Tek an' tek keer o' me ev' since. Ah pump de baith full in de mawn', mek 'is bed, pull de weeds out'n de front walk; dass all. He tek me in. When ah aisk 'im ain' he 'fraid keep ole thief, he say, jesso: 'Dass all my fault, Xenophon. Ought look you up long 'go; ought know long 'go you be cole dese baid nights. Reckon ahm de thievenest one 'us two, Xenophon, keepin' all dis wood stock' up when you got none,' he say, jesso. Tek me in; say he *lahk* a thief. Pay me sala'y. Feed me. Dass de main whut de Caps gone shot lais' night." He raised his head sharply, and the mystery in his gloomy eyes intensified as they opened wide and stared at the sky, unseeingly.

"Ise bawn wid a cawl!" he exclaimed loudly. His twisted frame was braced to an extreme tension. "Ise bawn wid a cawl! De blood anssuh!"

"It wasn't the White Caps, Uncle Xenophon," said Warren Smith, laying his hand on the old man's shoulder.

Xenophon rose to his feet. He stretched a long, bony arm straight to the west, where the Cross-Roads lay; stood rigid and silent, like a seer; then spoke:

"De men whut shot Marse Hawkliss lies

yondeh, hidin' f'um de light o' day. An' *him*''—he swerved his whole rigid body till the arm pointed northwest—'' he lies yondeh. You won' fine 'im heah. Dey fought 'im in de fiel's, an' dey druggen 'im heah. Dis whuh dey lay 'im down. Ise bawn wid a cawl!''

There were exclamations from the listeners, for Xenophon spoke as one having authority. Suddenly he turned, and pointed his outstretched hand full at Judge Briscoe.

'' An' dass de main,'' he cried, '' dass de main kin tell yo' ah speak de trufe!''

Before Briscoe answered, Eph Watts looked at him keenly, and then turned to Lige Willetts and whispered: '' Get on your horse, ride in, and ring the court-house bell like fury. Do as I say!''

Tears stood in the Judge's eyes. '' It is so,'' he said solemnly. '' He speaks the truth. I didn't mean to tell it to-day, but somehow—'' He paused. '' The hounds!'' he cried. '' They deserve it! My daughter saw them crossing the fields in the night—saw them climb the fence, a big crowd of them. She and the lady who is visiting us saw them, saw them plainly. The lady saw them several times clear as day, by the flashes of lightning—the scoundrels were coming this way. They must have been dragging him with them then. He couldn't have had a show for his life amongst them. Do what you like. Maybe they've got him at the Cross-Roads. If there's a chance of it—dead or alive—bring him back!''

A voice rang out above the clamor that followed the Judge's speech.

'' ' Bring him back!' God could, maybe; but He won't. Who's travelin' my way? I go west!'' Hartley Bowlder had ridden his sorrel right up the embankment, and the horse stood between the rails.

There was an angry roar from the crowd. The prosecutor pleaded and threatened unheeded, and as for the deputy sheriff, he declared his intention of taking with him all who wished to go as his posse. Eph Watts succeeded in making himself heard above the tumult.

'' The Square!'' he shouted. '' Start from the Square. We want everybody. We'll need them. And we want every one in Carlow to be implicated in this posse.''

'' They will be!'' shouted a farmer. '' Don't you worry about that.''

'' We want to get into some sort of shape,'' cried Eph.

''Shape,'' repeated Hartley Bowlder scornfully.

There was a hiss and clang and rattle behind him, and a steam whistle shrieked. The crowd divided, and Hartley's sorrel scrambled down just in time as the west-bound accommodation rushed by on its way to Rouen. From the rear platform leaned the sheriff, Horner, waving his hands frantically as he flew by, but no one understood—or cared—what he said, or, in the general excitement, even wondered why he was going away. When the train had dwindled to a dot and disappeared, and the noise of its rush grew faint, the court-house bell was heard ringing, and the mob was rushing pell-mell into the village to form on the Square. The Judge stood alone on the embankment.

'' That settles it,'' he said aloud, gloomily watching the last figures. He took off his hat, and pushed back the thick white hair from his forehead. '' Nothing to do but wait. Might as well go home for that. Blast it!'' he exclaimed impatiently, '' I don't want to go there. It's too hard on the little girl. If she hadn't come till next week, she'd never have known John Harkless.''

CHAPTER IX.

JOHN BROWN'S BODY.

ALL morning horsemen had been galloping through Six-Cross-Roads, sometimes singly, oftener in company. At one o'clock the last posse passed through on its return to the county seat, and after that there was a long, complete silence, while the miry corners were undisturbed by a single hoof-beat. No unkempt colt nickered from his musty stall. The sparse young corn that used to nod and chuckle greenly stood rigid in the fields. Up the Plattville pike despairingly cackled one old hen, with her wabbling, sailor run, smit with a superstitious horror of nothing; she hid herself in the shadow underneath a rickety barn, and was still.

Only on the Wimby farm were there signs of life. The old lady who had sent Harkless roses sat by the window all morning and wiped her eyes, watching the horsemen ride by; sometimes they would hail her and tell her there was nothing yet. About two o'clock, her husband rattled up in a buckboard, and got out the shot-gun of the late and more authentic Mr. Wimby. This he carefully cleaned and oiled, in spite of its hammerless and quite useless condition, sitting meanwhile by the window opposite his wife, and often looking up from his work to shake his weak

fist at his neighbors' domiciles and creak decrepit curses and denunciations.

But the Cross-Roads was ready. It knew what was coming now. Frightened, desperate, sullen, it was ready.

The afternoon wore on, and lengthening shadows fell upon a peaceful—one would have said, a sleeping—country. The sun-dried pike, already dusty, stretched its serene length between green borders flecked with purple and yellow and white weed-flowers; and the tree shadows were not shade, but warm blue and lavender glows in the general pervasion of still, bright light; the sky curving its deep, unburnished, penetrable blue over all, with no single drift of fleece upon it to be reflected in the creek that wound along past willow and sycamore, dimpled but unmurmuring. A woodpecker's telegraphy broke the quiet like a volley of pistol-shots.

But far eastward on the pike there slowly developed a soft, white haze. It grew denser and larger, and gradually rolled nearer. Dimly behind it could be discerned a darker, moving nucleus that extended far back upon the road.

A heavy tremor began to stir the air; faint, manifold sounds, a waxing, increasing, multitudinous rumor.

The pike ascended a long, slight slope leading west up to the Cross-Roads. From a thicket of iron-weed at the foot of this slope was thrust the visage of an undersized girl of fourteen. Her fierce eyes examined the approaching cloud of dust intently. A redness rose under the burnt yellow skin, and colored the wizened cheeks. . . .

They were coming.

She stepped quickly out of the tangle, and darted up the road. She ran with the speed of a fleet little terrier, not opening her lips, not calling out, but holding her two thin hands high above her head. That was all. But Birnam wood was come to Dunsinane at last, and the messenger sped. Out of the weeds in the corner of the snake fence, in the upper part of the rise, silently lifted the heads of men whose sallowness became a sickish white as the child flew by.

The mob was carefully organized. They had taken their time, and had prepared everything deliberately, knowing that nothing could stop them. No one had any thought of concealment; it was all as open as the light of day, all done in the broad sunshine. Nothing had been determined as to what was to be done at the Cross-Roads more definite than that the place was to be wiped out. That was comprehensive enough; the details were quite certain to occur. They were all on foot, marching in fairly regular ranks. In front walked Mr. Watts, the man Harkless had abhorred in a public spirit and befriended in private. To-day he was a hero and a leader, marching to avenge his professional oppressor and personal brother. Cool, unruffled, and to outward vision unarmed, marching the miles in his brown frock-coat and generous linen, he led the way. On one side of him were the two Bowlders, on the other was Lige Willetts, Mr. Watts preserving peace between the young men with perfect tact and sang-froid.

They kept good order and a similitude of quiet for so many, except far to the rear, where old Wilkerson was bringing up the tail of the procession, dragging a wretched yellow dog by a rope fastened around the poor cur's protesting neck, the knot carefully arranged under his right ear. In spite of every command and protest, Wilkerson had marched the whole way uproariously singing "John Brown's Body."

The sun was in the west when they came in sight of the Cross-Roads, and the cabins on the low slope stood out angularly against the radiance beyond. As they beheld the hated settlement, the heretofore orderly ranks showed a disposition to depart from the steady advance and rush the shanties. Willetts, the Bowlders, Parker, Ross Schofield, and a dozen others did, in fact, break away, and set a sharp pace up the slope.

Watts tried to call them back. "What's the use your gettin' killed?" he shouted.

"Why not?" answered Lige, and, like the others, was increasing his speed when old "Wimby" rose up suddenly from the roadside ahead of them, and motioned them frantically to go back. "They're laid out along the fence, waitin' fer ye," he warned them. "Git out the road. Come by the fields. Fer the Lord's sake, spread!" Then, as suddenly as he had appeared, he dropped down into the weeds again. Lige and those with him paused, and the whole body came to a halt while the leaders consulted. There was a sound of metallic clicking, and a thin rattle of steel. From far to the rear came the voice of old Wilkerson:

"John Brown's body lies a-mouldering in the ground,
John Brown's body lies a-mouldering in the ground."

A few near him, as they stood waiting, began to take up the burden of the song, singing it in slow time like a dirge; then those farther away took it up; it spread,

reached the leaders; they, too, began to sing, taking off their hats as they joined in, and soon the whole concourse, solemn, earnest, uncovered, was singing—a thunderous requiem for John Harkless.

The sun was swinging lower, and the edges of the world were embroidered with gold, while that deep volume of sound shook the air, the song of a stern, savage, just cause—sung, perhaps, as some of the ancestors of these men sang with Hampden before the bristling walls of a hostile city. It had iron and steel in it. The men lying on their guns in the ambuscade along the fence heard the dirge rise and grow to its mighty fulness, and they shivered. One of them, posted nearest the advance, had his rifle carefully leveled at Lige Willetts, a fair target in the road. When he heard the singing, he turned to the man next behind him and laughed harshly: "I reckon we'll see a big jamboree other side Jordan to-night, huh?"

The huge murmur of the chorus expanded and gathered in rhythmic strength, and swelled to power, and rolled and thundered across the plain.

"John Brown's body lies a-mouldering in the ground,
John Brown's body lies a-mouldering in the ground,
John Brown's body lies a-mouldering in the ground,
His soul goes marching on!
Glory! glory! hallelujah!
Glory! glory! hallelujah!
Glory! glory! hallelujah!
His soul goes marching on!"

A gun spat fire from the higher ground, and Willetts dropped where he stood, but was up again in a second, with a red line across his forehead where the ball had grazed his temple. The mob spread out like a fan, the men climbing the fence and beginning the advance through the fields, thus closing on the ambuscade from both sides. Mr. Watts, wading through the high grass in the field north of the road, perceived the barrel of a gun shining from the fence some distance in front of him, and the same second, although no weapon was seen in his hand, discharged a revolver at the clump of grass and weeds behind the gun. Instantly ten or twelve men leaped from their hiding-places along the fences of both fields, and, firing hurriedly and harmlessly into the scattered ranks of the oncoming mob, broke for the shelter of the houses, where their fellows were posted. Taken on the flanks and from the rear, there was but one thing for them to do to keep from being hemmed in and shot or captured (They excessively preferred being shot.) With a wild, high, joyous yell, sounding like the bay of young hounds breaking into view of their quarry, the Plattville men followed.

The most eastward of the debilitated edifices of Six-Cross-Roads was the saloon. It bore the painted legends, on the west wall, "Last Chance"; on the east wall, "First Chance." Next to this, and separated by two or three acres of weedy vacancy from the corners, where the population centered thickest, stood—if one may so predicate of a building which leaned in seven directions—the house of Mr. Robert Skillett, the proprietor of the saloon. Both buildings were shut up as tight as their state of repair permitted. As they were furthest to the east, they formed the nearest shelter, and to them the Cross-Roaders bent their flight, though they stopped not here, but disappeared behind Skillett's shanty, putting it between them and their pursuers, whose guns were beginning to speak. The fugitives had a good start, and, being the picked runners of the Cross-Roads, they crossed the open, weedy acres in safety, and made for their homes. Every house had become a fort, and the defenders would have to be fought and torn out one by one. As the guns sounded, a woman in a shanty near the forge began to scream, and kept on screaming.

On came the farmers and the men of Plattville. They took the saloon at a run; battered down the crazy doors with a fence-rail, and swarmed inside like busy insects, making the place hum like a hive, but with the hotter industries of destruction. It was empty of life as a tomb, but they beat and tore and battered and broke and hammered and shattered like madmen; they reduced the tawdry interior to a mere chaos, and came pouring forth laden with trophies of ruin; and then there was a charry smell in the air, and a slender feather of smoke floated up from a second-story window.

At the same time, Watts led an assault on the adjoining house, an assault which came to a sudden pause, for from cracks in the front wall a squirrel-rifle and a shot-gun snapped and banged, and the crowd fell back in disorder. Homer Tibbs had a hat blown away, full of buckshot holes, while Mr. Watts solicitously examined a small aperture in the skirts of his brown coat. The house commanded the road, and the rush of the mob into the village was checked, but only for the instant.

A rickety woodshed, which formed a portion of the Skillett mansion, closely joined

the "Last Chance" side of the family place of business. Scarcely had the guns of the defenders sounded when, with a loud shout, Lige Willetts leaped from an upper window on that side of the burning saloon and landed on the woodshed, and, immediately climbing the roof of the mansion itself, applied a brand to the dry, time-worn clapboards. Ross Schofield dropped on the woodshed close behind him, his arm lovingly enfolding a gallon jug of whisky, which he emptied (not without evident regret) upon the clapboards as Lige fired them. Flames burst forth almost instantly, and the smoke, uniting with that now rolling out of every window of the saloon, went up to heaven in a cumbrous, gray column.

As the flames began to spread, there was a rapid fusillade from the rear of the house, and a hundred men and more, who had kept on through the fields to the north, assailed it from behind. Their shots passed clear through the flimsy partitions, and there was a screaming like beasts' howls from within. The front door was thrown open, and a lean, fierce-eyed girl, with a case-knife in her hand, ran out in the face of the mob. At sound of the shots in the rear they had begun to advance on the house a second time, and Hartley Bowlder was the nearest man to the girl. With awful words, and shrieking inconceivably, she made straight at Hartley, and attacked him with the knife; she struck at him again and again, and in her anguish of hate and fear she was so extraordinary a spectacle that she gained for her companions the seconds they needed to escape from the house. As she hurled herself alone at the oncoming torrent, they sped from the door unnoticed, sprang over the fence, and reached the open lots to the west before they were seen by Willetts from the roof.

"Don't let 'em fool you!" he shouted. "Look to your left! There they go! Don't let 'em get away."

The Cross-Roaders were running across the field. They were Bob Skillett and his younger brother, and Mr. Skillett was badly damaged: he seemed to be holding his jaw on his face with both hands. The girl turned, and sped after them. She was over the fence almost as soon as they were, and the three ran in single file, the girl last. She was either magnificently sacrificial and fearless, or she cunningly calculated that the regulators would take no chances of killing a woman-child, for she kept between their guns and her two companions, trying to cover and shield the latter with her frail body.

"Shoot, Lige," called Watts. "If we fire from here, we'll hit the girl. Shoot!"

Willetts and Ross Schofield were still standing on the roof, at the edge, out of the smoke, and both fired at the same time. The fugitives did not turn; they kept on running, and they had nearly reached the other side of the field when, suddenly, without any premonitory gesture, the elder Skillett dropped flat on his face. The Cross-Roaders stood by each other that day, for four or five men ran out of the nearest shanty into the open, lifted the prostrate figure from the ground, and began to carry it back with them. But Skillett was alive; his curses were heard above all other sounds. Lige and Schofield fired again, and one of the rescuers staggered. Nevertheless, as the two men slid down from the roof, the burdened Cross-Roaders were seen to break into a run; and at that, with another yell, fiercer, wilder, more joyous than the first, the Plattville men followed.

The yell rang loudly in the ears of old Wilkerson, who had remained back in the road, and at the same instant he heard another shout behind him. He had not shared in the attack; but, greatly preoccupied with his own histrionic affairs, was proceeding alone up the pike—except for the unhappy yellow mongrel still dragged along by the rope—and alternating, as was his natural wont, from one fence to the other; crouching behind every bush to fire an imaginary rifle at the dog, and then springing out with triumphant bellowings to fall prone upon the terrified animal. It was after one of these victories that a shout of warning was raised behind him, and Mr. Wilkerson, by grace of the god Bacchus, rolling out of the way in time to save his life, saw a horse dash by him—a big black horse whose polished flanks were dripping with lather. Warren Smith was the rider. He was waving a slip of yellow paper high in the air.

He rode up the slope, and drew rein beyond the burning buildings, just ahead of those foremost in the pursuit. He threw his horse across the road to oppose their progress, rose in his stirrups, and waved the paper over his head. "Stop!" he roared. "Give me one minute. Stop!" He had a grand voice, and he was known in many parts of the State for the great bass roar with which he startled his juries. To be heard at a distance most men lift the pitch of their voice. Smith lowered his an octave or two, and the result was like an earthquake playing an organ in a catacomb.

"Stop!" he thundered. "Stop!"

In answer, one of the flying Cross-Roaders turned and sent a bullet whistling close to him. The lawyer paused long enough to bow deeply in satirical response; then, flourishing the paper, he roared again: "Stop! A mistake! I have news! Stop, I say! *Horner has got them!*"

To make himself heard over that tempestuous advance was a feat; for him, moreover, whose counsels had so lately been derided, to interest the pursuers at such a moment enough to make them listen—to find the word—was a greater; and by the word, and by gestures at once vehemently imperious and imploring, to stop them, was a still greater. But he did it. He had come at just the moment before the moment that would have been too late. They all heard him. They all knew, too, that he was not trying to save the Cross-Roads as a matter of duty, because he had given that up before the mob left Plattville. Indeed, it was a question if, at the last, he had not tacitly approved; and no one feared indictments for the day's work. It would do no harm to listen to what he had to say. The work could wait; it would "keep" for five minutes. They began to gather around him, excited, flushed, perspiring, and smelling of smoke. Hartley Bowlder, won by Lige's desperation and intrepidity, was helping the latter tie up his head. No one else was hurt.

"What is it?" they clamored impatiently. "Speak quick." There was another harmless shot from a fugitive, and then the Cross-Roaders, divining that the diversion was in their favor, secured themselves in their decrepit fastnesses and held their fire. Meanwhile the flames crackled cheerfully in Plattville ears. No matter what the prosecutor had to say, at least the Skillett saloon and homestead were gone, and Bob Skillett and one other would be sick enough to be good for a while.

"Listen," cried Warren Smith, and, rising in his stirrups again, read the missive in his hand, a Western Union telegraph form. "Warren Smith, Plattville," was the direction. "Found both shell-men. Police familiar with both, and both wanted here. One arrested at noon in second-hand clothes store wearing Harkless's hat; also trying to dispose torn full-dress coat known to have been worn by Harkless last night. Stains on lining believed blood. Second man found later at freight yards, in empty lumber-car left Plattville one P.M., badly hurt, shot and bruised. Supposed Harkless made hard fight. Hurt man taken to hospital unconscious. Will die. Other man refuses to talk so far. Check any movement Cross-Roads. This clears Skillett, etc. Come over on 9.15 accommodation."

The telegram was signed by Horner, the sheriff, and by Barrett, the superintendent of police at Rouen.

"It's all a mistake, boys," the lawyer said, as he handed the paper to Watts and Parker for inspection. "The ladies at the Judge's were mistaken, that's all, and this proves it. It's easy enough to understand: they were frightened by the storm, and watching a fence a quarter of a mile away by flashes of lightning—any one would have been confused, and imagined all the horrors on earth. I don't deny but what I believed it for a while, and I don't deny but the Cross-Roads is pretty tough, but you've done a good deal here already to-day, and we're saved in time from a mistake that would have turned out mighty bad. This settles it. Horner got a wire to go, soon as they got track of the first man; that was when we saw him on the Rouen accommodation."

A slightly cracked voice, yet a huskily tuneful one, was lifted quaveringly on the air from the roadside, where an old man and a yellow dog sat in the dust together, the latter reprieved at the last moment, his surprised head rakishly garnished with a hasty wreath of dog-fennel daisies.

"John Brown's body lies a-mouldering in the ground,
While we go marching on."

Three-quarters of an hour later the inhabitants of the Cross-Roads, saved, they knew not how; guilty; knowing nothing of the fantastic pendulum of opinion, which, swung by the events of the day, had marked the fatal moment of guilt now on others, now on them who deserved it—these natives and refugees, conscious of atrocity, dumfounded by a miracle, thinking the world gone mad, hovered together in a dark, ragged mass at the crossing corners, while the skeleton of the rotting buggy in the slough rose behind them against the face of the west. They peered with stupefied eyes through the smoky twilight.

From afar, faintly through the gloaming, came mournfully to their ears the many-voiced refrain, fainter, fainter:

"John Brown's body lies a-mouldering in the ground,
John Brown's body lies a-mouldering in the ground,
John Brown's body lies -mould— . . . . .
. . . . . we go march . . . on."

(To be continued.)

BY COURTESY OF THE CLOWN.

By Annie Fellows Johnston.

THE little man in motley, thrusting his face through the curtains of the big circus tent, looked out on the gathering crowds and grinned. To him that assemblage of gaping backwoods pioneers was a greater show than the one he was traveling with, although the circus itself was a pioneer in its way. It was the first that had ever traveled through the almost unbroken forests of southern Indiana, and the fame of its performance at Vincennes had spread to the Ohio long before the plodding oxen had drawn the heavy lion cages half that distance. Such wild rumors of it had found their way across the sparsely settled hills and hollows, that families who had not been out of sight of their cabin chimneys in five years or more were drawn irresistibly circusward.

Standing on a barrel, behind a hole in the canvas of the tent, the little clown amused himself by watching the stream of arrivals. As far as he could see, down the glaringly sunny road, rising clouds of dust betokened the approach of a seemingly endless procession. The whole county appeared to be flocking to the commons just outside of Burnville, where the annual training in military tactics took place on "muster days." People were coming by the wagon-load; nearly every horse carried double, and one old nag ambled up with a row of boys astride her patient back from neck to tail.

It was a hot afternoon in August, and a rank, almost overpowering odor of dog-fennel rose from the dusty weeds trampled down around the tent. The little clown was half stifled by the dust, the heat, and the smell, and the perspiration trickled down his grotesquely painted face; but an occasional impatient flapping of his handkerchief to clear away the dust of a new arrival was all that betrayed his discomfort. He was absorbed in the conversation of a little group who, seated on a log directly under his peep-hole in the canvas, were patiently waiting for the performance to begin.

"My motley can't hold a candle to theirs," he thought, with an amused chuckle, as he surveyed them critically. "Judging by the cut of that girl's old silk dress, it was a part of her grandmother's wedding finery, and she probably spun the stuff for that sunbonnet herself. But the man—Moses in the bulrushes! People back East wouldn't believe me if I told them how he is togged out: tow trousers, broadcloth coat with brass buttons, bare feet, and a coonskin cap, on this the hottest of all the hot dog-days ever created!"

He wiped his face again after this inventory, and steadied himself on the barrel. All unconscious of the audience they were entertaining, the man and girl were retailing the neighborhood news to a tired-looking little woman, who sat on the log beside them, with a heavy baby in her arms. Their broad Western speech was as unfamiliar as it was amusing to their unseen listener. The barrel shook with his suppressed laughter, as they repeated the rumors they had heard regarding the circus.

"Thar was six oxen to draw the lion cages," said the girl, fanning herself with her sunbonnet. "Sam said them beasts roared to beat the Dutch—two of 'em. And he says thar's a pock-marked Irishman as goes around between acts with a nine-banded armadillo. Ef ye tech it, ye'll never have the toothache no more. But thar's suthin better nor him. Sam says he 'lows we'll jest all die a-laughin' when we see the clown. The whole end of the State has gone wild over that air clown. Sam says they make more fuss over him than they would over the President ef he was t' come to this neck o' woods."

Here the auditor behind the scenes, with his hand on his heart, made such a low bow that he lost his balance, and nearly upset the barrel.

"I reckon the elyfunt will be the biggest sight," drawled the man. "That's what drawed me here. I ain't never seen even the picter of an elyfunt, and they say this is the real live article from t'other side of the world. They say it kin eat a cock of hay six foot high at one meal."

Here the baby stirred and fretted in the

woman's arms, and she wearily lifted it to an easier position against her shoulder.

"I wish Jim would hurry up," she sighed, wiping her hot face on a corner of her home-spun apron.

"He's over yander helpin' ole Mis' Potter put up her ginger-bread stand," answered the girl, pointing to a large oak-tree on the edge of the common. "I seen 'em when she first come a-drivin' up on that big ox-sled, with a barrel of cider behind her. Law, I reckon she hain't never missed bein' on hand to sell her cakes and cider here on muster-days nary a time in ten years."

"THE LITTLE CLOWN AMUSED HIMSELF BY WATCHING THE STREAM OF ARRIVALS."

"'Tain't Mis' Potter," answered the older woman. "She's ben laid up with rheumatiz nearly all summer. It's Boone Ratcliffe's mother and his little William."

"You don't mean it!" exclaimed the girl, with eager interest, standing up to get a better view. "Not ole 'Madam Ratcliffe,' as pap calls her! I've ben honin' for a sight of her ever sense last spring, when I heerd she'd come out from Maryland. I used to hear about her afore Boone married M'randy. It was M'randy as told me about her. She said the ole lady was so rich and so stuck up that she never even tied her own shoes. They had slaves and land and money and everything that heart could wish, and they didn't think that M'randy was good enough for their only son. The letters they writ to Boone trying to head him off made M'randy so mad that I didn't suppose she'd ever git over it."

"She didn't," answered the little woman, "and it was scant welcome they got when they come. The letter they sent a month aforehand never got here, so of course nobody knowed they was a-comin', and they wa'n't nobody down to the Ohio River landin' to meet 'em. My Jim he happened to be thar when they got off'n the flatboat. They was dreadful put out when they didn't find Boone watchin' out for 'em, after comin' all the way from Maryland. Goodness knows

what 'ud become of 'em ef Jim hadn't happened acrost 'em. The boat had gone on down the river and left 'em settin' thar on shore amongst the bales and boxes, as helpless as two kittens. Jim he seen 'em a-settin' thar, and bein' a soft-hearted chap and knowin' suthin was wrong, he up and spoke.

"They was so bewildered like, 'count of not finding Boone and everything bein' so dif'runt from what they lotted on, that they was well-nigh daft. The ole man had ben sick ever sence they left Pittsburg, and they was both plum tuckered out with that long flatboat trip. Jim he jest h'isted 'em into the wagon, big chest and all, and brought 'em on to Burnville.

"He said 'twas plain to be seen they hadn't never been used to roughin' it in any way. The ole gentleman was so sick he had to lean his head on her shoulder all the way, and she kep' a-strokin' his white hair with her fine soft fingers, and talkin' to him as if he'd ben a child. She tried to chirk him up by tellin' him they'd soon be to Boone's home, and talkin' 'bout when Boone was a little feller, tell Jim couldn't hardly stand it, he's that soft-hearted.

"He knew all the time what a disapp'intment was in store when they should set eyes on M'randy and the cabin, and find Boone growed to be so rough and common. It was dark when they got thar. Boone hadn't got home yit, and thar wa'n't a sign of a light about the place. So Jim lef' the ole folks setting in the wagon, and went in to break the news to M'randy, knowin' what a high-tempered piece she is at times. He said she was settin' on the doorstep in her bare feet

"'OLE MIS' RATCLIFFE TRIED TO APOLOGIZE FER COMIN'."

and dirty ole linsey-woolsey dress, jawin' little William. She'd ben a-makin' soap all day, and was dead tired.

"When Jim tole her what 'twas, the surprise seemed to strike her all of a heap. She never made a move to git up, and as soon as she could git her breath she begun to splutter like blue blazes. She said some folks had more burdens laid onto their shoulders than by rights was their share, and she couldn't see what made them ole people come trackin' out where they was neither wanted nor expected. She hadn't no airthly use for that stuck-up ole Mis' Ratcliffe, if she was Boone's mother. Oh, she jest talked up scan'lous.

"Jim he was afraid they would hear her clear out in the road, so he kep' tryin' to smooth her down, and then he went out and tried to smooth things over to the ole people. By the time they'd climbed out'n the wagon and walked up the path, William had lit a candle, and she was holdin' it over her head in the doorway. The way Jim tole it I could jest see how they stood lookin' at each other, like as they was takin' their measures. Jim said they both seemed to see the difference, M'randy so frowsy and common-lookin', for all her prettiness, and the ole lady so fine and aristocratic in her elegant dress and bunnit. He said he'd never fergit how white and tired-lookin' their old faces showed up in the candle-light, and sort of disapp'inted, too, over the welcome they'd ben expectin' and didn't git.

"M'randy didn't even offer to shake hands. After she'd stared a minute she said, sorter stiff-like, 'Well, I s'pose you may as well come on in.' Jim says there was tears in the ole lady's eyes when she follered M'randy into the cabin, but she wiped 'em away real quick, and spoke up cheerful to ole Mr. Ratcliffe.

"The room was in such a muss there wa'n't an empty chair to set on tell M'randy jerked the things off two of'm and kicked the stuff out of sight under the bed. Then she dusted 'em with her apron, and said in a long-sufferin' sort of tone that she reckoned 'twas about as cheap settin' as standin'.

"Ole Mis' Ratcliffe tried to apologize fer comin'. She said that their daughter back in Maryland tried to keep 'em from it, but that Boone couldn't come to them, and it had been ten years since he had left home, and they felt they must see him once more before they died. Jim said it was so pitiful the way she talked that he got all worked up."

"Why didn't they turn right around and go home the next day?" cried the girl, with flashing eyes. "That's M'randy all over again when she once gits her temper up, but people as rich as them don't have to put up with nobody's high and mighty ways."

"They are not rich any more," was the answer. "A few years ago they lost all they had, slaves, land, and everything, and their married daughter in Baltimore is takin' care of 'em. She was sure they wouldn't find it agreeable out here, so she provided the money for 'em to come back on; but the ole man had his pockets picked comin' down on that flatboat, and they don't feel as they could write back and ask her for more. She's good to 'em as can be, but she hasn't got any more than she needs, and they hate to ask for it. That's why the ole lady is here to-day, takin' Mis' Potter's place. Boone persuaded her to come, and tole her if she could make as much as Mis' Potter always does, it will be enough to pay their way back to Maryland. He helped her get ready. I don't know what he said to M'randy to make her stand aside and not interfere, but she made up the ginger-bread as meek as Moses, and let Jim roll the barrel of cider out of the smoke-house without a word."

"Why don't Boone scratch around and raise the money somehow?" put in the man, who had chewed in interested silence as he listened to the story. Now he stopped to bite another mouthful from a big twist of tobacco he took from his broadcloth coat pocket.

"'Pears like their only son is the one that ought to do fer 'em, and at least he could make M'randy shut up and treat his parents civil."

"Boone!" sniffed the woman. "Why, he's under M'randy's thumb so tight that he dassent sneeze if she don't take snuff. Besides, he's ben on the flat of his back off and on all summer, with dumb ague. It's run into a slow fever now, and it takes every picayune they can scrape together to git his medicines. Then, too, M'randy sprained her ankle a month or so back, and things have been awful sence then. The ole man he don't realize he is in the way, he's so childish and broken down. He jest sorter droops around, pinin' for the comforts he's always ben used to, in a way that almost breaks his ole wife's heart. She feels it keen enough for both of 'em, because she can't bear to see him lackin' anything he needs, and she'd rather die than be a burden to anybody.

"I tell Jim I'm sorry for the whole set,

"HE HAD BEEN FUNNY ENOUGH IN THE RING, BUT NOW THEY FOUND HIS JOKES IRRESISTIBLE."

and I can see it isn't the pleasantest thing for M'randy to give up a room to them when thar's only two in the cabin, and her ways ain't their ways, and their bein' thar puts everything out of joint; but Jim he sides with the ole people. He's mighty sorry for 'em, and would have put his hand in his own pocket and paid their expenses long ago back to Maryland, ef he'd a-ben able. He's ben a great comfort to the ole lady, he's jest that soft-hearted. I hope she'll sell out as fast as Mis' Potter always done."

Before the girl could echo her wish, there was a discordant scraping inside the tent, a sound of the band beginning to tune their instruments. Instantly there was a rush toward the tent, and all three of the little group sprang to their feet. The little woman

looked wildly around for Jim, with such an anxious expression that the clown lingered a moment, regardless of the stream of people pouring into the entrance so near him that the curtain which screened him from public view was nearly torn down. He waited until he saw a burly, good-natured man push his way through the crowds and transfer the heavy baby from the woman's tired arms to his broad shoulder. Then he turned away with a queer little smile on his painted face.

"He's jest that soft-hearted," he repeated, half under his breath. The woman's story had stirred him strangely. "It's a pity there's not more like him," he continued. "I guess that too few Jims and too many M'randys is what is the matter with this dizzy old planet."

"What's that ye're grumbling about, Humpty Dumpty?" asked the pock-marked Irishman as he came up with his nine-banded armadillo, all ready for the performance. Then in his most professional tones: "If it is the toothache yez have now, I'll be afther curing it entoirely wid wan touch of this baste from——"

"Oh, get out!" exclaimed the clown, putting his hand on the tall Irishman's shoulder and springing lightly down from the barrel. "I'm dead sick of all this monkey business. If it wasn't a matter of bread-and-butter I wouldn't laugh again in a year."

"Yez couldn't make anybody out there in that big aujence belave it," laughed the Irishman. "They think yer life is wan perpetooal joke; that yez are a joke yerself for that matther, a two-legged wan, done up in cap and bells."

"You're right," said the clown bitterly, looking askance at his striped legs. "But 'a man's a man for a' that and a' that,' and he gets tired sometimes of always being taken for a jesting fool. Curse this livery!"

The Irishman looked at him shrewdly. "You should have gone in for a 'varsity cap and gown, and Oi've been thinking sometimes that maybe yez did start out that way."

A dull red glowed under the paint on the clown's face, and he ran into the ring in response to the signal without a reply. A thundering round of applause greeted him, which broke out again as he glanced all around with a purposely silly leer. Then he caught sight of Jim's honest face, smiling expectantly on him from one of the front benches. It struck him like a pain that this man could not look through his disguise of tawdry circus trappings, and see that a man's heart was beating under the clown's motley. There came a sudden fierce longing to tear off his outward character of mountebank, for a moment, and show Jim the stifled nature underneath, noble enough to recognize the tender chivalry hidden in the rough exterior of the awkward backwoodsman, and to be claimed by him as a kindred spirit.

As he laughed and danced and sang, no one dreamed that his thoughts kept reverting to scenes that the woman's story had called up, or that a plan was slowly shaping in his mind whereby he might serve the homesick old soul waiting out under the oak-tree for the performance to be done.

No wonder that people accustomed to seeing old Mrs. Potter in that place, gowned in homespun, and knitting a coarse yarn sock, had stopped to stare at the newcomer. Such a type of high-born, perfect ladyhood had never appeared in their midst before. The dress that she wore was a relic of the old Maryland days; so was the lace cap that rested like a bit of rare frost-work on her silvery hair. Mrs. Potter knew everybody for miles around, and was ready to laugh and joke with any one who stopped at her stand. Mrs. Ratcliffe sat in dignified silence, a faint color deepening in her cheeks like the blush of a winter rose. It was so much worse than she had anticipated to have these rude strangers staring at her, as if she were a part of the show. She breathed a sigh of relief when the music began, for it drew the crowds into the tent as if by magic. She and little William were left entirely alone.

With the strident boom of the bass viol came the rank smell of the dog-fennel that hurrying feet had left bruised and wilting in the sun. All the rest of her life that warm, weedy odor always brought back that humiliating experience like a keen pain. The horses in the surrounding grove stamped restlessly and whinnied as they switched off the flies. The long ride and the unaccustomed labor of the morning had exhausted her. She began to nod in her chair, giving herself up to a sense of drowsiness, for as long as the people were in the tent she would have no occupation.

Her white head dropped lower and lower, until presently she was oblivious to all surroundings. Little William, sitting on the old wood-sled with his back against the cider barrel, was forgotten. M'randy and the ill-kept cabin vanished entirely from her memory. She was back in the old Maryland days on her father's plantation, hedged about with loving forethought, as tenderly sheltered as

some delicate white flower. Every path had been made smooth for her, every wish anticipated all her life long, until that day when they had set their faces westward to find Boone. It was coming down the Ohio on that long journey by flatboat that she suddenly woke to the knowledge that her husband's illness had left him a broken-down old man, as weak and irresponsible as a child.

"'WE ARE GOING BACK TO MARYLAND, DEAR HEART!'"

But mercifully her dreams were back of that time. They were back with Boone in his gay young boyhood, when he danced minuets with the Governor's daughter, and entertained his college friends in lordly style on the old plantation. Back of that time when the restlessness of his 'teens sent him roving over the Alleghanies to the frontier, regardless of their long-cherished ambitions for him. Back of the time when in a sudden mad whim he had married a settler's pretty daughter, whom he was ashamed to take back to civilization when he thought of the Baltimore belles to whom he had paid boyish court. He had not stopped to consider her rough speech and uncouth manners. He had been a long time out in the wilderness, he was only twenty, and her full red lips tempted him.

If the dreams could only have stopped then, that little space she slept, while the circus band thrummed and drummed inside the tent, and the shadows of the hot August afternoon lengthened under the still trees outside, would have been a blessed respite. But they repeated the unpleasant parts as well. They came on down to the night of that unwelcome arrival. They showed her the days when Boone lay prostrated with a slow malarial fever; the days when the fierce heat made him drag his pallet desperately from one corner to another across the bare puncheons, trying to find a spot where he could be comfortable. She could see him lying as he had so often lain, with his face turned toward the back door, looking out with aching eyes on the tall corn that filled the little clearing. In his feverish wanderings he complained that it was crowding up around

the house trying to choke him. And there was little William, little nine-year-old William, sitting on the floor beside him, attempting to flap away the flies with a bunch of walnut leaves. There were long intervals sometimes when the heat overpowered the child with drowsiness. Then the walnut branch wavered uncertainly or stopped in mid-air, while he leaned against the table leg with closed eyes and open mouth. Sometimes Miranda slept on the door-step, barefooted, as usual, with a dirty bandage around her sprained ankle.

In that short sleep she seemed to relive the whole summer, that had dragged on until her sense of dependence grew to be intolerable. Miranda's shrill complaining came penetrating again into the tiny room where she sat by her husband's bed, and the old head was bowed once more on his pillow as she sobbed: "Oh, William, dear heart, if the Lord would only take us away together! I cannot bear to be a burden to any one!" It was the sound of her own sobbing that awakened her, and she sat up with a sudden start, realizing that she had been asleep. She must have slept a long time. In that interval of unconsciousness the tavern-keeper from Burnville had erected a rival stand a few rods away.

"'THE TRUEST GENTLEMAN I HAVE MET IN MANY A DAY!'"

She saw with dismay his attractive display of "store" goods. Then her face flushed as he began to set out whisky bottles and glasses. Her first impulse was to gather up her belongings and get home as quickly as possible. In her perplexity she looked around for little William. Regarding a circus with such contempt herself, it had never occurred to her that he would care to see it.

He was a timid little fellow, who always hid when company came to the house, and he had never been away from home more than a dozen times in his life. The crowds frightened him, and he stayed as closely as a shadow at his grandmother's elbow until the music began. Then he forgot himself. It thrilled him indescribably, and he watched

with longing eyes as the people crowded into the tent. It seemed to him that he must certainly go wild if he could not follow, but they had sold nothing. Even if they had, he would not have dared to ask for enough money to pay his admission, it seemed such an enormous sum. As she began to nod in her chair he began to edge nearer the tent. He could catch now and then a word of the clown's jokes, and hear the roars of laughter that followed. When the clown began to sing, William had one ear pressed against the tent. People clapped and cheered uproariously at the last line of every stanza. He could not hear enough of the words to understand why. In the general commotion he was conscious of only one thing: he was on the outside of that tent, and he must get inside or die.

Regardless of consequences, he threw himself on the grass and wriggled around until he succeeded in squeezing himself under the canvas. There was a moment of dizzy bewilderment as he sat up and looked around. Then some cold, squirming thing touched the back of his neck. He gave a smothered cry of terror; it was the elephant's trunk. He had come up directly under the animal "from t'other side of the world, that could eat a six-foot cock of hay at one meal."

As he sat there, shivering and blubbering, afraid to move because he did not know which end of the clumsy monster was head and which tail, he heard a loud guffaw. The pock-marked Irishman who had charge of the nine-banded armadillo had seen the little side-show, and it doubled him up with laughter. He roared and slapped his thigh and laughed again until he was out of breath. Then he gravely wiped his eyes and drew the boy out from under the great animal. William clung to him, sobbing. Then the warm-hearted fellow, seeing that he was really terrified, took him around and showed him all the sights. In the delight of that hour, home, grandmother, and the world outside were completely forgotten.

Meanwhile, Mrs. Ratcliffe sat wondering what had become of the boy. People began to straggle out of the tent. There was to be another performance after dark, and she expected to find her customers among those who stayed for that. The tavern-keeper began calling attention to his refreshments in a facetious way that drew an amused crowd around him. Her hopes sank, as group after group passed her without stopping. Two young fellows from the village who had been drinking pushed roughly against her table.

"Hi, Granny!" hiccoughed one of them. "Purty fine doughnuts, ole girl!" He gathered up a plateful, and tried to find his pocket with unsteady fingers. She stood up with a sickening feeling of helplessness, and looked around appealingly. Just then a heavy hand struck the fellow in the mouth, and jerked him back by his coat-collar. The pock-marked Irishman, to whom the bewildered little William still clung, had undertaken to find the boy's grandmother for him. The child's artless story had aroused his warmest sympathies, and nothing could have given him greater pleasure than this opportunity to fight for her.

"Put thim back, you ugly thafe o' the worruld," he roared, "or Oi'll throw yez entoirely over the sorcuss tint!"

The man bristled up for a fight, but one look into the big Irishman's glowering eyes sobered him enough to make him drop the cakes and slink away.

The Irishman looked embarrassed as Mrs. Ratcliffe began to thank him with tears in her eyes, and hurried back to the tent. The look of distress deepened on her face. Everybody passed her table for the one made popular by the loud-voiced man who knew so well how to advertise his wares. With a stifled groan she looked around on the great pile of provisions she had brought. What quantities of good material utterly wasted! What would Miranda say?

As she looked around her in dismay, she saw the clown coming toward her, still in his cap and bells. He had been watching the scene from a distance. Her distress was pitiful. To be compelled to wait on this jesting fool like any common bar-maid would fill her cup of degradation to overflowing. What could she do if he accosted her familiarly as he did every one else?

He leaned over and took off his grotesque cap. "Madam," he said, in a low, respectful tone, "I have no money, but if you will kindly give me a cake and a mug of cider, you shall soon have plenty of customers."

Greatly surprised, she filled him a cup, wondering what he would do. There was a rush for that part of the grounds as the hero of the hour appeared. He had been funny enough in the ring, but now they found his jokes irresistible. His exaggerated praises of all he ate and drank were laughed at, but everybody followed his example. More than one gawky boy bought something for the sake of being made the subject of his flattering witticisms. The tavern-keeper called and

sang in vain. As long as the clown told funny stories and praised Mrs. Ratcliffe's ginger-bread, all other allurements were powerless. He stayed with her until the last cake had been bought and the cider barrel was empty.

It was nearly sundown when she started home. Jim came up to roll the empty barrel on to the sled, to place her chair against it, and help little William hitch up the oxen; but when she looked around to thank the little clown, he had disappeared. No one could tell where he had gone.

Never in her girlhood, rolling home in the stately family coach from some gay social conquest, had she felt so victorious. She jingled the silk reticule at her side with childish pleasure. She could hardly wait for the slow oxen to plod the two long miles toward home, and when they stopped in front of the little cabin she was trembling with eagerness. Hurrying up the path through the gathering dusk, she poured her treasure out on her husband's bed.

"Look!" she cried, laying her face on the pillow and slipping an arm around his neck. "We are going back to Maryland, dear heart!" She nestled her faded cheek against his with a happy little sob. "Oh, William, we need not be a burden any longer, for we're going home to-morrow!"

Later, the full August moon swung up over the edge of the forest. It flooded the little clearing with its white light, and turned the dusty road in front of the cabin to a broad band of silver. A slow, steady tramp of many feet marching across a wooden bridge in the distance fell on the intense stillness of the summer night.

"It's the circus," said Boone, raising his head to listen. "I reckon they're travelin' by night on account of the heat, and they'll be pushin' on down to the river."

His wife limped to the door and sat down on the step to watch for its coming, but his mother hurried out to the fence and leaned across the bars, waiting.

A strange procession of unwieldy monsters, never before seen in this peaceful woodland, loomed up in the distance, huge and black, while a stranger procession of fantastic shadows stalked grimly by its side. The sleepy keepers dozed in their saddles, filing by in ghostly silence, save for the clanking of trace-chains and the creaking of the heavy lion cages.

At the extreme end of the long line came the tired little clown on the trick mule. A sorrier-looking object could not be imagined, as he sat with his knees drawn up and his head bent dejectedly down. He did not notice the figure leaning eagerly over the bars, until she called him. Then he looked up with a start. The next instant he had dismounted and was standing bare-headed in the road before her. The moonlight made a halo of her white hair, and lighted up her gentle, aristocratic face with something of its old high-born beauty.

"I wanted to thank you," she said, holding out her slender hand to the painted little jester with the gracious dignity that had always been her charm. "You disappeared this afternoon before I could tell you how much your courtesy has done for me and mine."

He bowed low over the little hand.

"I bid you farewell, sir," she added gently. "The truest gentleman I have met in many a day!" It was the recognition that he had craved. She had seen the man through the motley. He looked up, his face glowing as if that womanly recognition had knighted him; and with the remembrance of that touch resting on him like a royal accolade, he rode on after the procession, into the depths of the moonlighted forest.

CAPTURING A CONFEDERATE MAIL.

By Ray Stannard Baker.

THIS is the true story of one of the daring expeditions that fell to the lot of the Federal Secret Service Bureau during the Civil War. The facts were obtained from my father, Major J. S. Baker, who was one of the three men detailed to capture the stage-coach. I have tried, as far as possible, to let him tell the story in his own words. By a fortunate chance, Mrs. J. H. Sherman has preserved the actual parole issued by Lieutenant Osborne on the day of the raid and signed by Sherman with his left hand. She still has it in her possession. Traill, who was the third member of the party, never told the story so far as I know; he was always ashamed of having lost his horse.

In the month of February, 1863, it came to the notice of the War Department that a secret Confederate stage service was in operation between Baltimore and Richmond; and at the time the route was first traced by the agents of the Department, the managers of the enterprise were grown so bold that they had ceased to limit their business to passengers and mail, and the boot of every stage was piled with trunks and boxes filled with contraband goods. The profits of this traffic were in direct proportion to its hazards; and any trader who was shrewd and daring enough to slip through the Union lines with quinine, morphine, percussion caps, or other light munitions of war, was sure of selling his stock to the Confederate government at an enormous advance.

Secretary Stanton turned the information of his scouts over to General L. C. Baker of the National Secret Service Bureau, with his instructions scrawled in blue across the face of the document:

"See if you can get hold of some of this mail or break up the business."

We knew that it would be impossible to intercept the blockade-runners in Maryland, where they were always under the protecting guardianship of their friends, concealed in attics and hay-stacks, with a hundred secret sentinels to whisper the approach of every searching party. It might seem easy to have sent out a raiding party in Virginia to take the stages. But the Federal lines at that time reached only as far as Dranesville, and the country beyond was given over to the ravages of guerrilla bands, which made the protection of the stage routes an important part of their duties. And if armed force could not insure the safety of the mail-carriers, there were innumerable opportunities in

the mountain ravines and among the friendly Virginia planters for effectual concealment. Indeed, it would have been quite as appropriate to stalk a red deer with a cavalry company as to send a regular military detachment to capture a smuggler in Virginia.

General Baker hit upon a plan that was as simple as it was audacious. He detailed three of his men—Sherman, Traill, and me—and instructed us to push out boldly beyond our lines and strike the stage route somewhere well up in the mountains near Leesburg. Leesburg was then the headquarters of a considerable body of Confederate cavalry and a base of military operations for northern Virginia. There being only three of us, the General thought we could creep up to the enemy's lines, or even beyond them, without attracting any attention. We might then wait at some obscure station on the mail route, and at the appearance of the stage, quietly capture it, search the passengers, destroy any contraband goods that might be in the stage boot, and ride back to Washington with the Confederate mails stowed safely away in our saddle-bags. The very boldness and swiftness of the movement would warrant its success. The General told us not to try to bring in any prisoners, but impressed upon us the necessity of getting the mails.

Traill was a Virginian born, and Sherman was a plucky Yankee who had gone to Virginia some time before the war as overseer for General Roger Jones of Fairfax County. Their acquaintance with eastern Virginia and its people admirably fitted them for such an expedition. I was thrown in to make measure, and it was my cue to keep well in the background until I was needed. Traill's soft Southern drawl would clear the way for all of us.

We left Washington on the evening of February 9, 1863. We were clad in citizen's clothes of nondescript gray, and each of us had a heavy ammunition belt buckled well up under his coat. Sherman and I each took a Colt's revolver, and Traill, who was always fearful of being underarmed, took two. There was nothing to distinguish us from ordinary citizens traveling in the common highway, with the exception of our secret service badges, which gave us almost unlimited privileges in passing through our lines and in getting such assistance as we might need from the soldiery.

As far as Dranesville we kept the pike, but when we left the Federal lines, we slipped off into a by-path that cut through a dense thicket of hog-pines. We rode silently, in single file, and paused often to listen; we had no desire to fall in with Mosby's men. In this way we passed well to the south of Leesburg, and climbed the foot-hills of the Blue Ridge. Morning found us in a little settlement at the forking of the road. It was a mere three-corners, with a post-office, a blacksmith shop, and two or three dilapidated houses. It was called Laskey's, as I remember it, after the man who kept the post-office. Laskey's place was a little one-story, unpainted building, with a sagging porch jutting out over the road. It was set fairly on the mountain slope, and the land behind it dropped away abruptly into a deep ravine, with densely wooded sides. Laskey kept the post-office in a box-like front room, and he and his family lived in the rear.

We tied our horses at a hitching-bar near the store, where we could reach them easily in case of need. Traill walked into the building, and inquired when the stage would be along. Laskey was quite taken off his guard. "Directly, I reckon," he said.

Traill sat down on a nail-keg and lighted his pipe, and we fell to talking. For a time Laskey was restless and evidently suspicious, but Traill's drawl and Sherman's evident familiarity with the Loudoun County names thawed him out, and he was soon talking freely. He thought we would be perfectly safe in mailing our letters to Richmond, and he explained much at length how careful the driver was to store the mail in a hidden box under the seat. He also had a good deal to say about the valor of the blockade-runners, and how well they were armed.

About the middle of the forenoon Laskey reckoned that he heard the stage coming. Traill knocked the ashes out of his pipe, and I hitched my elbows to feel the friendly crook of my revolver butt beneath my coat. We followed Laskey out into his little porch. The stage was already half-way down the sandy hill, the horses bowling along at a rocking gallop, with the driver perched stiffly up behind.

Traill pushed the lank postmaster well to the front, and kept him much in friendly evidence. When the stage stopped, the driver came down from wheel to hub and stretched his legs. Several travel-worn passengers, one a woman, looked out suspiciously from the interior of the stage. One powerful, red-faced man carried a handsome rifle, and seemed uncertain just what to do with it. The boot behind was piled high with baggage.

"Any mail?" asked the driver.

Traill stepped up. "We would like to

"SHERMAN AND I COVERED THE PASSENGERS INSIDE THE STAGE, INCLUDING THE RED-FACED MAN WITH THE RIFLE."

have you stay here for a few minutes," he said; "we are going to examine your baggage."

The driver's jaw dropped. "Who are you?" he demanded angrily, reaching into the pocket of his overcoat.

Traill's revolver flashed up and clicked, and I remember with what ludicrous alacrity the driver's hands went up. Sherman and I covered the passengers inside of the stage, including the red-faced man with the rifle, who was in a chill of fright.

"You are prisoners," Sherman said to them, "and if you keep quiet, there will not be any shooting."

We drove them like a flock of sheep into the post-office, and I stood at the doorway and kept guard. Traill sprung up the side of the stage, tore away the coverings of the driver's seat, and threw down three pouches of mail about the size of fat saddle-bags. Sherman cut the straps that supported the boot, and sent the trunks and boxes tumbling into the sand. Then he found an ax near Laskey's chopping-log, and cracked off the tops of them one by one. Having laid bare the baggage, Sherman and Traill both began to throw it out. The upper part of most of the trunks was filled with clothing. Below this there was a varied assortment of contraband goods. They took out package after package of medicine—morphine and quinine principally—and burst them open in the sand. The bottles they cracked on the edges of the trunks. They also found several boxes of percussion caps, and a quantity of fine silk for hospital use.

We were all watching the swift destruction of the goods, and Traill had his head deep in one of the trunks, when of a sudden there came the biting "pit, pit" of revolvers. A bullet drove into the door at my side, and sent the splinters stinging into my face. A company of cavalry had shot from among the pines up the hill, and was now racing straight down upon us, firing furi-

ously. I remember how the revolvers blazed when the riders rose in their saddles to take aim.

Sherman and Traill pitched through the door, carrying me with them. Inside of the little store the stage passengers were scrambling under the counters and behind boxes, to protect themselves from the bullets. The woman was wailing her terror.

For a moment we paused undecided; capture seemed imminent, and we knew that our secret service badges, if found upon us, were as good as a sentence of death. Just then we caught a glimpse of the stage driver. He was edging toward the door, evidently intending to escape. "Get out of here," Sherman shouted, "and take your passengers with you! Get out!"

At the appearance of the driver waving his arms the firing ceased abruptly. The passengers ran after him, wild with terror, and tumbled into the stage. Just once the driver looked behind into Sherman's revolver muzzle, and then he put the gad to his horses, and the crazy old stage went rattling down the hill, swaying from side to side like a ship on a choppy sea.

All this had happened within the space of a long breath. The cavalrymen, evidently much astonished by our amazing manœuvers, had slowed up, and were advancing more cautiously.

"What shall we do?" I asked.

"Barricade the door," said Traill.

"No; wait a minute," answered Sherman.

He stepped boldly across the porch, with his revolver in his hand, and seized the three mail bags, which had been left quite forgotten where Traill had dropped them. Then he turned and darted back, but before he could reach the doorway the cavalrymen opened fire. The bullets threw up little wisps of sand around him, and cut a groove along the porch; but Sherman came in without a scratch. "We've got what we came for," he said.

By this time the cavalrymen were at the door. Sherman had just time to whirl around and raise his revolver. One of the Confederates who was well in advance threw himself from his horse, and shouted: "Here, you surrender!"

Sherman fired. We saw the cavalryman give in at the knees and go down in a heap. His horse plunged and reared at the end of the bridle rein. The poor fellow clung desperately, and finally managed to drag himself up and mount. His horse turned and galloped madly up the hill, the rider swaying dizzily and clinging to the pommel like a drunken man. An instant later the whole troop was well out of pistol range. Traill and I kept blazing away at them until our revolvers were empty.

"Well," observed Traill, "we're all here."

"And we're likely to stay," said Sherman, pointing down the road.

At the very first volley our horses had pulled loose from the rotten old tie-rail. They ran some distance down the hill after the stage, and we now saw two of the cavalrymen gathering them in, with our blankets, ponchos, and rations. We were caught like rats in a trap.

We might be attacked again at any moment, and we made ready to receive the enemy by piling barrels and boxes against the windows of our citadel, and barricading the front and rear doors, so that they would open only wide enough to admit of the passage of a pistol arm. Then we unslung our ammunition belts, and laid them out where they could easily be reached. I remember with what unction Traill blew down the barrels of his revolvers, and with what nicety he fitted on the caps.

All this time Laskey had been hovering around us with tears of abject misery and terror streaming down his sallow face. He assured us that we should all be killed and the store burned over our heads. "You take your wife and children, and go down cellar, and stay there," said Traill. But the poor fellow was so terrified that we had to use the indisputable revolver argument before he would stir.

In the meantime the cavalrymen on the hill had not been idle. Several of them stripped down to charging trim, and presently we saw a big sergeant give his horse the spur and come down the road at top speed. Another rider followed at a distance of ten yards, and then another and another. Sherman and I sprang to the door, and Traill to the window. As the riders reached the store, they lay over on the off sides of their saddles and blazed at us from under their horses' necks. We were awkwardly placed, but we returned their fire with spirit—"Gave 'em as good as they sent," Traill said. In his anxiety to get a better aim Sherman kept reaching further out of the door. "Take care, Sherman," I called to him.

"They can't hit anything," he responded, firing again.

But the words were hardly out of his mouth when his revolver fell with a clatter and his

hand dropped limp. From a ragged hole in his wrist the blood was spurting.

"Sherman, you're hit," I said.

"Never mind," he answered; "I can shoot just as well with my left hand."

He stooped, seized his revolver, and fired the remaining charges before turning. I hastily bound up his wrist with a handkerchief, and he went at it again as if nothing had happened.

"HE HELD HIS SABER ALOFT, AND A WHITE HANDKERCHIEF FLUTTERED AT ITS POINT."

Quite suddenly we heard a commotion somewhere behind the building. Our barricade of boxes fell with a crash, and the back door was driven into splinters. Traill and I rushed into the little rear room. We understood in a flash the meaning of the cavalry show in front of the store—it covered a flank movement. At that moment we saw a big, square-jawed cavalryman drive against the broken door with his shoulder. It went down like paper, and he stood facing us in the ruins of our barricade, with a dozen men in gray scrambling after him. At sight of us he threw up his revolver and fired. I felt the hot breath of the powder in my face, and the flash blinded me. An instant later Traill and I fired together. The cavalryman's head dropped back, his mouth gaped open, and he rolled over and over down the steps. Then we continued firing until there wasn't a patch of gray in sight.

In the meantime the battle in front was growing fierce. I heard Sherman shouting, and turned to see him wave his empty revolver. I knew that he could not load, and I ran to help him. The barricade and the powder smoke so darkened the room that in my excitement I overturned the caps. While I was scrambling on the floor to gather them up, there came a rush of feet across the porch outside, and the flimsy door was burst open. For a moment two of the cavalrymen struggled with our barricade, while several others fired from behind them into the room.

Sherman seized a heavy stone molasses-jug from a shelf, and hurled it full at the stormers. It made a great noise, but instead of repulsing the attack, only encouraged it. They thought we were now out of ammunition, and they came at us again both in front and in the rear.

But an instant later our revolvers were loaded again. Traill fired three times in quick succession, and then ran to the back door. Sherman and I remained in front, and it was the work of only a minute to send the cavalrymen flying.

For a long time after that everything was still. The smoke, that had done so much in protecting us from the bullets of the stormers, cleared away, and we reloaded our hot revolvers and rebuilt our barricades. We also took the precaution of hiding our secret service badges in the lining of our coats. We dared not throw them away for fear we could not get back to Washington in case we escaped, and yet we dreaded being captured with them in our possession. Traill returned to the solace of his pipe, and we discussed the situation with some misgivings.

Presently we heard a commotion in the cellar below us. Laskey's wife and children began to scream, and a moment later the

postmaster himself thrust an ashy face above the trap-door. "They're settin' the store on fire," he said.

We listened intently. Behind the building some one was moving stealthily.

"They'll burn us all up," groaned Laskey; "they're carryin' straw for kindlin'."

Some one shouted to us from the hill outside, and we saw a single cavalryman, a lieutenant, riding down toward the store. He held his saber aloft, and a white handkerchief fluttered at its point. Sherman answered from the window.

"What do you want?"

"Come out of there and surrender."

"You've called at the wrong place," answered Sherman.

"If you don't, we'll fire the store. I came down to give you fair warning. We've got the place surrounded, and you can't escape."

We made no answer, and the lieutenant shouted again: "Are you going to surrender?"

"No," answered Sherman.

The lieutenant wheeled, and galloped back up the hill, and we again heard the noises back of the building.

"They're goin' to burn us out, sartin sure," wailed Laskey.

"No, they won't," said Traill; "you go out and tell 'em this is your property, and they must stand responsible if they burn it."

"All right, suh," he answered eagerly. "Come up, Julia," calling to his wife.

"No," interrupted Traill, "you must go alone."

"But my wife will be burned."

"You tell 'em they mustn't burn this store," ordered Traill, fairly pushing him from the door.

He went out, waving his arms and shouting that he was innocent. We could hear the low grumble of his talk with the men at the corner, and then everything was still. After a seemingly endless wait we saw him running down the road, followed by the lieutenant and several privates. A hundred yards from the store they stopped. Sherman stepped out on the porch with his revolver in his hand.

"You fellows better surrender," shouted the lieutenant, this time persuasively; "we don't want to burn you out. This man's family is in the store, and we have no desire to injure any of them. You've got three men, and we've got two hundred and fifty. We're going to take you sooner or later, and the sooner you come out the better it will be for you."

Sherman stepped back into the store. "I don't propose to surrender," he said; "what do you say?"

"I don't," I said.

"Nor I," answered Traill.

"We won't surrender," reported Sherman from the porch.

"Then burn!" roared the lieutenant.

He dug his spurs into his horse, and rode back well out of pistol range. Then he turned and waved his saber, evidently signaling to the men back of the house. A moment later we heard the crackling of the fire, and the smoke swept by the window. Laskey, wild with terror, rushed down the hill, but Sherman refused to let him in. I ran to the trap-door, and tried to calm his half frantic wife and children.

The smoke continued to grow more dense, and Traill pulled down part of the barricade, so that we could make a dash for our lives the moment it became necessary. But for some reason we saw no flames. If properly set, the fire should have enveloped the dry, flimsy building in thirty seconds. Gradually the smoke disappeared, and Traill observed that we had escaped a fiery death.

Later in the war, no doubt, they would have burned the building and forced us to run like drowned-out gophers, but at that time soldiers were not schooled in all of the devices of military carnage, and when we did not offer ourselves up on the altar of our fears, the fire was raked away, and white-winged peace in the guise of the handkerchief on the saber point again hovered on the hill. Sherman stepped out.

"You fellows are good fighters," shouted the lieutenant, this time diplomatically.

"Thank you," responded Sherman.

"We can't stay here all night for three Yanks, and we've decided that if you'll sign a parole and give up your arms we'll let you go free."

We haggled for some time over the proposition. Traill and I saw in it the only possible loophole of escape, but Sherman opposed it. "I know those fellows better than you do," he said; "they won't think of recognizing a parole. The moment they got our arms they'd capture us." And he made a disagreeable motion of his fingers across his throat. "They're guerrillas, and responsible to nobody."

Our ammunition was running low, night was coming on, and we had neither eaten nor slept for nearly twenty-four hours. Besides that, Traill and I could see that Sherman was suffering from the shot in his arm,

"THE LIEUTENANT CAME DOWN TO THE STORE WITH HIS ORDERLY."

although he never mentioned it. We argued the question sharply for some little time, and Sherman finally yielded.

Then there was more haggling as to the terms of the parole. Sherman insisted with all of the dignity of a major-general that we be allowed to carry away our side-arms, but the lieutenant argued, with some reason, that we had been fighting with our side-arms and that we should give them up. He evidently knew that the rebel mail was in our possession, for he expressly stipulated that we were to carry nothing away with us.

"If I go, the mail goes with me, parole or no parole," said Sherman, in parenthesis to us. "We've got to have something to show for the trip."

Everything being finally arranged, the lieutenant came down to the store with his orderly. Sherman gravely returned his salute. Laskey brought a pen and ink, and the lieutenant, whose name was Osborne, stooped and wrote the paroles on slips of paper, using the battered and bullet-scarred window sill for a writing-desk. He was a big, bluff, handsome fellow, and he treated us with great civility. Knowing that ordinary prisoners of war would receive much better treatment than scouts or secret service men, we posed as regularly enlisted soldiers, and gave our companies and regiments. We each signed one of the slips, and then Sherman knocked the caps from three of the revolvers, and handed them over one by one. It was like parting from our dearest friends. The lieutenant took them gravely, and gave them to his orderly. "You used them well," he said gallantly.

"We needed to," responded Sherman.

Having received our ammunition, what was left of it, the lieutenant paused, and eyed us sharply.

"Nothing but pocket-knives," put in Traill.

"You will now return to the top of the hill," said Sherman, "and remain there until we can march away."

"You are not to return to the store nor take anything with you," said the lieutenant.

"We understand the agreement clearly."

The lieutenant turned and mounted. Then he paused: "Our men are at the top of the hill," he said, "and I warn you for your own good that they will not stand any trifling."

"I would remind you that we are paroled prisoners of war," returned Sherman with dignity.

We stood as stiff as drum-majors, maintaining a ludicrous dignity, with our hearts in our boots, and the cavalrymen rode slowly away up the hill. The sun was just setting over the mountain tops, and the woods were quiet and hazy with the smoke of our little battle. Before the lieutenant had gone halfway up the hill his command began to swarm out of the woods and ride down to meet him.

This was distinctly contrary to our parole agreement, but the lieutenant seemed to encourage it. "We're in for it," said Traill.

"No, we aren't," answered Sherman between his teeth.

He turned instantly, and we followed him into the store. Each of us seized one of the mail bags, tore aside the barricade, sprung through the back door, and ran rapidly down the hill by a narrow, well-worn pathway. Before we had gone fifty paces we heard the shouts of the cavalrymen in pursuit.

At the bottom of the ravine a barrel was sunk deep in the oozy ground, and it was full of clear water that bubbled up out of the earth. As if with a common impulse, we dropped down and thrust our faces into it, and drank until we could hold no more. Bullets were better than the thirst from which we had been suffering all day long. Again on our feet, we ran up the ravine, the bottom of which was a dry runway covered with boulders and sand. It cut the mountain slope from near the summit to the valley below, and its banks were half hidden with overhanging bushes, junipers, spruces, and scrub-pines, often growing so thick that it was impossible to force a passage. We ran desperately for five or ten minutes, and then we began to hear the clattering of feet in the runway below us. Traill stopped, and reaching down, drew the fourth revolver from the depths of his cavalry boot. "They think we aren't armed," he said.

But Sherman and I were wholly defenseless, and we quickly concluded that concealment was our only course. So we scrambled up the side of the bank to the wooded slope of the mountain. Here we separated, Sherman and Traill penetrating further into the woods, while I wormed my way into a dense mat of junipers. It was agreed that if one of us was captured, he should not reveal the hiding-places of the others.

There we lay, hugging the moist ground, each with a bag of Confederate mail for a pillow. In the desire to have some weapon of defense at hand, I drew my clasp-knife and thrust it into the earth at my side. Then I covered my body as well as I could with dead leaves and juniper branches. Never before nor since have I longed so much for a revolver. We heard the cavalrymen beating about in the bushes below us, evidently thinking we had gone down the ravine instead of up. But presently a considerable party of them approached and halted almost opposite my hiding-place. I lay so near the edge of the ravine that I could hear everything they said.

"We've lost their tracks," said one; "and I reckon they've taken to the woods somewhere in here."

A moment later they came scrambling up the bank, and I heard the officer direct them to march in open order, three or four yards apart. "They're skulking somewhere in these junipers," he said, "and if they don't surrender, shoot 'em."

Up to this point I had not felt the least anxiety for my safety. There was something inspiriting in the action and excitement of the skirmish at the store and the subsequent flight; but this lying defenseless and waiting to be flushed like a partridge from its cover told on my nerves. I found it difficult to resist the temptation to leap up and run, regardless of the consequences. I had not the slightest doubt that we should all be shot where we lay, for the cavalrymen were in no good humor. Nearer and nearer they came, tramping through the bushes. I sank down to my smallest, and grasped my clasp-knife until my fingers ached. I had decided that if I was found, there would be at least one less Confederate cavalryman.

"See anything?" shouted some one back in the woods.

"No," answered a voice almost over me.

At that one of the searchers thrust his saber viciously into a thicket not a dozen feet away from me. Then he paused, and looked around him in the gathering gloom. I was certain that he saw me, and as he took a step in my direction, I drew up one leg and prepared to spring at his throat. The leaves rustled, and he turned his head sharply, and poised his saber, again looking straight at me. My heart thumped so that I was sure he heard it; but he turned and poked into a thicket on the other side, and passed on up the hill, leaving me lying there panting and weak. Then I began to fear for Sherman and Traill, especially for Traill, for I knew that he would be sorely tempted to fire and take his chances. He always hated hiding. But the sounds of the search grew fainter and fainter, and presently I again heard the cavalrymen scrambling among the boulders in the bottom of the ravine.

"They can't be anywhere on this side," said one of them, and directly they crawled up the opposite bank, where they continued their search.

It was now dark in the woods, and presently from somewhere up the mountain we heard a bugle sounding the cavalry recall. Ten minutes later it was followed by the lively

"EACH OF US SEIZED ONE OF THE MAIL BAGS . . . AND RAN RAPIDLY DOWN THE HILL."

music of the assembly. Then I heard the faint whistle of a cuckoo. It came again, twice repeated, and then I answered it. Five minutes later the three of us were gathered at the edge of the ravine, chilled and stiff and hungry, but safe.

All that night we skulked through the woods, choosing the most inaccessible by-paths and making wide detours around all of the plantations and settlements. At sunrise we stopped in an old corn-field, completely exhausted. Sherman's wrist was badly swollen, and pained him cruelly. Just over a little hill we saw the smoke rising from some clustering negro quarters, and a hundred yards beyond rose a wide-porched plantation house. I volunteered to see what could be done toward getting something to eat, for we were almost famished. I crept up to the back of one of the cabins, and made known my wants to an old negro auntie who was sleepily starting her fire. When I told her we were Yankees in disguise, she was greatly frightened, but evidently anxious to help us. After much persuasion she cooked breakfast, and hung out a red petticoat to signal us when it was ready. Never did pork and corn cakes taste sweeter.

At noon we were marched to Federal headquarters at Dranesville in charge of a corporal of the guard, and before night we reported to General Baker in Washington. When the mails were opened they were found to contain much information of value, and we felt repaid in some degree for the loss of our horses and equipment.

JENNY.

By Benjamin Coxe Stevenson.

YEARS ago, in what people of careless speech might call the backwoods of Indiana, but what deserves as rich a term as our language will afford, there lived a respectable farmer and his family, consisting of a wife and one son, a young man about twenty-one years of age. There was a daughter at one time in the family, but she had married and left it a few years before. Mr. Morgan had given her—or, rather, her husband—eighty acres of land at her marriage, the young man's father built them the house, and both together gave them stock and implements enough to start housekeeping and farming with. The young woman was married at nineteen, but in that simple society enough worldly experience to enable one to be the head of a family was acquired early in life. The young wife needed to know how to cook, sew, make soap, and such things; the husband to plow, use an ax, and make hay. These things were learned early, because children began to work early. Little girls made bread at twelve and thirteen, boys were hands in the harvest field at fourteen and fifteen.

Although George Morgan was two years younger than his sister, he became possessed with the desire to marry soon after she left the home. Her happiness in a cheap little house, and everything her own, so affected him that he wanted to try it himself. But this was not the only thing that produced his desire; there was a slender girl, with a pale face, living about two miles away that helped. Jenny was just the girl to fill a simple heart and call out the sympathy that is the foundation of love. She was tall, with dark-brown, tired eyes that told of the hard life she had led and of sorrows she had had. Her father was a lazy good-for-nothing, and a drunkard. Her oldest brother, who had been little better, had died of consumption when she was fifteen. She and her mother nursed him through his lingering illness. He had hardly been buried when her mother was taken sick with the same disease, and died about a year afterward. This left her with a younger sister and a little brother to take charge of, and her father more inclined to drink than ever.

Although George wanted to marry the girl so much, he felt that his father would not let him. Mr. Morgan had no use for an improvident man, especially a man that would drink liquor; and, besides, he had had some personal trouble with Wiggins. George knew this, and he also knew that his father was most unforgiving. Consequently for several years he was tossed backward and forward between his desire to marry and fear of not getting his father's consent. He was continually waiting for a more propitious time.

One winter the young girl caught a deep cold that lasted until spring. A bright-red spot appeared in each of her pale cheeks, and her eyes looked deeper and sadder than ever. Strange to say—or perhaps it is not—George wanted to marry then more than ever; but this sickness he knew would only add more force to his father's opposition. But spring came, and with it the return of the girl's health; and in the middle of the summer, when she was apparently well, George determined that it was the time to have the matter out with his father, one way or the other. He told Jenny one Sunday afternoon that he was going to try to get his father's consent, but she begged him not to. She knew everything was against their marriage, and feared the test. But George was determined, and with sadness she saw him depart for home.

George drove home slowly, his high-headed bay mare stepping along lightly, barely knocking up the dust. The first thing a young man in the country does, when he reaches what he thinks is maturity, is to become the owner of a driving horse and a buggy. This is as essential to the simple country society as a dress suit is to that of the city. And on Sunday afternoons each young man, his buggy clean and his horse sleek and reined as high as nature will allow, goes to see his chosen girl, and if the weather is good takes her for a drive. The horses may be reined too high, but it is Sunday, and the driver has on his best and most

uncomfortable clothes, so the horse ought to stand it. If a horse only knew how important it was to dash up in style to the hitching-post in front of the white-painted, green-blind, two-storied house, he would not complain. If he only knew that the Sunday-washed, clean-waisted boy seen making a dash from the gate to the house as he came down the road was running to say, "Hyere he comes," and that the agitation of the curtain in the front window was caused by a young lady peeping, he would hold his head up until his check-rein was as slack as a jumping-rope.

George turned in at the gate in front of his father's well-built barn. He loosened his horse's rein, and patted her neck.

"Jenny, my beauty," he said, "now you can let her down."

The mare drew a deep breath, and stretched her nose out near the ground. George opened the gate, and she walked through and stopped. He put the horse in the barn, and then backed the buggy into a shed at one end.

At the house he found his father sitting in the shade of a tree, his coat off, and his clean white shirt showing creases from the ironing. The old gentleman was not troubled with a collar; he seldom wore so useless an article of clothing, and certainly not on a warm summer afternoon. "Well, which one have you been to see to-day, George?" he asked good-humoredly.

"My best one," George answered evasively.

"You don't look very enthusiastic. I guess you found her other fellow there."

"No, there wasn't any one else there."

George was in no humor to be joked, and especially on a subject so close to what was vital to him. He was primed for something more serious, but, knowing that his father's jocular mood was closer to an explosion than a quiet one, saw this was not the time to act. "Is ma in the house?" he asked.

"Yes, some'eres; but you don't want to be running off; stay and tell me about her."

George found his mother in the kitchen setting their cold Sunday supper. It consisted of a part of a chicken, and a part of a pie, and a part of a loaf, and a part of everything they had had for dinner. He watched her silently. She asked him to get some water, and then to bring in some wood to get breakfast with. Mrs. Morgan saw that something was on his mind, but she waited for him to take his own time to tell it. He knew that getting his mother's consent would be the smallest of his difficulties, but he wanted her advice. He also knew that the prospect of a quarrel between him and his father would worry her, and he dreaded to tell her.

"Mother," he said at last, "I've got something I want to talk to you about. I don't expect you will like it very much, but it's important to me." He paused, hardly knowing what to say, and then stumbled on. "It's about—do you think father will give me a start like Anna? I'm getting along now—I want to settle down."

"You are young yet, George." She thought he meant only to work for himself. "You are well enough at home, aren't you?"

"I know, but I would like to have a piece of land of my own and be working for myself."

"But your pa needs you, and I need you, George. Your pa's getting along in years, and who'll do things for me if you leave? Who'll bring in the stove wood for me? If I had another boy or girl—but you are all I have got."

George traced the figures on the red tablecloth with a fork. He saw she did not guess what he wanted to say, and he shrank from telling her. "Ma, I can't stay here always. Don't you—don't you think I'll ever want to get married?"

"Yes, you will want to be getting married some time, but you don't want to be thinking about that yet. I don't believe in children getting married too young; Anna married too young. Your pa and I were not married until he was thirty-five and I was twenty-two. That's young enough. I have known people—" and she rambled off, getting farther and farther away from George's case, until he became desperate. "Why," she said, finishing, "they had no more business getting married than you would, and you oughtn't to be thinking about anything like that for years yet."

This was poor encouragement, but he felt that he must have the truth out before things got worse. "That's just what I wanted to talk about," he said with a gulp. "I—I *do* want to get married." He did not dare look at his mother, but continued tracing the figures.

Her voice almost failed her. "George, you don't!" But she saw by his actions that he was in earnest. "You are too young, George. You oughtn't to be thinking about it yet."

"No, I am not, mother. I've got a team

of horses of my own, and if father will give me a piece of land I could get along."

The mother looked at him, and shook her head sadly.

"The sooner I start for myself the better start I'll have. Pa didn't own a piece of land until he was thirty-two or three, and he has made a good deal of money; but if he had have got a start earlier, wouldn't he have had more time to make more?"

Mrs. Morgan knew there was a flaw in this reasoning, but she could not tell exactly what it was. "Who is it you want to marry?" she asked.

George hesitated; here was the real difficulty. "W'y, it's—I and Jenny want to get married. I know pa don't like Bill Wiggins, but Jenny takes after her mother."

"She's an invalid."

"No, she isn't. She's well now."

"She was sick all last winter, and they say she's got the consumption."

George flinched at this bald statement. "No, she hasn't," he said. "She had a bad cold last winter, but she has got over it."

"She's all right now," he repeated, for his mother did not speak immediately.

"George," she said at last, the tears rising in her eyes, "George, I must be plain with you. It is a mother's right and a mother's duty to speak the truth and advise, no matter how unpleasant it is, and I must do it now. It's the time in your life when you want advice if you ever do, and no one will ever give you as sincere advice as your mother." She choked with emotion, but after a moment conquered it and went on: "You've come to the turning-point in the road. You've been wandering through the fields up to now; but now you've come to the place where you must choose the road, and it needs all the judgment a boy can give—and his mother too—not to make a mistake. A wife can make a man or ruin him. She can be a helpmate or she can be a burden. I've seen women that would bear good men down like a mill-stone around their necks. I've seen——"

"But Jenny isn't like that," broke in George. "You've seen how she worked to take care of her brother and mother when they were sick. She's faithful and——"

"Yes, I know; but, George, a girl with the best principles and the best disposition can sometimes be a burden. Ill health is the greatest load any one can carry."

"But Jenny's health is all right," George said peevishly.

"It is now, but there is consumption in the family, and—and—I want to be plain, George—she's as surely got the first symptoms of it as anybody. I *can't* see you burden yourself without telling you the truth. Life's hard enough any way, and enough of an uphill job when things go the best; but if a burden is a little more than one can bear, there is nothing to do but to fall down under it. Nobody except your Maker loves you better than your mother, and nobody will give you sincerer advice than Him. Look into your heart and see what He says, and follow the dictates you find there. I may be wrong; I am only giving you such advice as my poor light shows; but what He says will be right. He never advises any one wrong. People sometimes misjudge what He says, but it is their fault; and sometimes they wilfully disobey."

"Mother, I don't think I am wilfully disobeying. Jenny's had a hard time, and it seems to me that it is right to do something for her. If I can help her any, wouldn't it be right?"

"You can't marry everybody that's had a hard time and that you want to help. You want to look out for yourself some. You have rights of your own that you are bound to respect. You mustn't load yourself down because you want to help some one."

Mrs. Morgan reasoned with him from every standpoint, falling into many simple inconsistencies; and he as often shifted his point of defense until, to his own conviction, he had battered down all her arguments. She had to give up, but she was not convinced.

"I am afraid it is not the best thing, my son; but if you won't give it up, I'll give my consent, and do all I can to help you along if you can get your father's. But, George, don't quarrel with your father. If you see he is getting mad don't say any more. It won't do any good, you can't force him."

Mrs. Morgan finished putting the cold victuals on the table, and called her husband. The supper was eaten in silence. Mr. Morgan tried to joke George about the girls; that was a part of his regular Sunday pastime; but this day he met with little encouragement, and soon quit it. George showed strong signs of displeasure, and Mrs. Morgan became very nervous. Mr. Morgan's quick eye saw that something was coming, and he waited for it. But the young man was not ready; he wanted to wait until his mother was not by.

After supper there were chores to do, and George made a partial change of his clothes,

and did them. He fed and watered the horses, and turned the bawling cows and calves together, for the Morgans were too religious to milk or do any unnecessary work on Sunday. He leaned against a fence, and watched the calves greedily suck their mothers' milk. White foam dripped from their mouths, and fell to the ground. The cows blinked their eyes contentedly, now and then laying their heads around caressingly against their little ones.

This peaceful scene set George to dreaming. "What if this was all mine," he said to himself—"this my barn and these my cows and calves. And suppose Jenny and I were married, and now she would come out here and lean over the fence and watch the calves. And we'd talk about which ones we would keep for our own milch cows and which we'd sell. And suppose she never had any sign of consumption, and was as strong as any woman. Suppose father, when I go to ask him, would say: 'Well, George, I was just thinking about that; I am getting old, and would like to take it easy, my son; and I will let you and Jenny take things and run them.' And he'd say: 'I've always hated the Wigginses; they are a mean, low-down set, but Jenny isn't to blame for that, and I'll fix you up right.' And suppose I'd take the place and run it, and make more money out of it than pa ever had; and he would say——" But here he saw a cow trying to take her calf through the gate into the pasture, and his reverie was interrupted.

When George was brought to himself, his position seemed sadder than it had before. He thought it over as he mechanically separated the cows from the calves. He was an abused, oppressed, down-trodden individual. His father expected him to work and slave all his life for *him*. He called up numerous times when he and his father had disagreed on matters about the farm, and his (George's) opinion had proved right. His father evidently wanted to keep him at home just to use him. He thoroughly convinced himself that he was being treated unfairly, and he finished his work fully determined to strike for liberty. When he got to the house, his father was smoking a pipe on the porch. Inside the house, but out of sight, his mother was waiting, nervously anticipating an outburst. She had learned long ago that Mr. Morgan's will must be the law of those around him, and she also perceived in her son a good deal of her husband's disposition.

George's heart failed him when the time came, and he put off saying anything from moment to moment. All the fine speeches and arguments he imagined he would use had left him, or else seemed absurd. He thought if he could get started he would be all right, but he could not concentrate enough force at one time to begin. The light faded, and he began to think he would never be able to say anything; but by some supreme effort he said finally, in a queer voice: "Father, I'd like to talk to you a little."

"All right, my son, talk on," his father answered blandly.

"Well, I—I think you might set a farm aside for me. I'd like to settle down for myself. I don't think you treat me right," he exclaimed, remembering one of his mental arguments.

He paused for a moment, and his father's silence went like a cold wave up his back, but he knew that he must go on and, if possible, get angry, or he would lose what little courage he had.

"You gave Anna a farm when she was only nineteen, and I am twenty-one. I don't see why you can't start me. I've some horses and a cow already, and some money that I could buy some tools with—I don't see why you can't start me. I don't think you treat me right." He paused again in confusion.

"Go on," said Mr. Morgan after a moment's silence.

"Well—I don't see why you can't start me," he repeated helplessly. "You might do something for me."

"I could, I suppose," said Mr. Morgan slowly. "But aren't you doing well enough where you are? You've got a good home. Isn't that something? I let you farm on the shares, and you get your part of what you raise. Isn't that something? You feed your stock on my hay instead of your own. Isn't that something? You want me to give you a farm so that you can work on your own hook, do you? Do you think you asked for it in the right way?" He warmed up a little as he talked. "Perhaps your mother's cooking isn't good enough for you. Perhaps you would like to get some one else that would make you cakes of dough. If I should give you a farm, maybe you would get that sickly Wiggins girl to cook for you. I hear you are running around there a good deal. That is a nice crowd to run with."

George gained some courage in the shape of anger as his father talked, and it came to a head at the cruel remark about Jenny.

"Well, that's my business, I guess. I have to live my life; you don't. If I choose

to marry a sickly girl, I don't see what that has to do with you treating me as a father should. Because I may want to marry some one that you would not, you think I haven't got any sense."

"Young man, you are just being roped in by those people; they think I've got money, and they want to get rid of the girl. She is a burden to them, and they are trying to get you to take her off their hands. It is all very grand for you to talk about it being your business, but it is *my* business too. It is every man's business to look after his children when they can't look out for themselves. You would not be able to pay her doctor bills, say nothing about making a living for her—maybe for the whole Wiggins family."

The old man paused, and George jumped up, and cried out in his desperation: "I don't care what the doctor bills come to, and I don't care what you do for me; I'll marry where and who I please! If you don't intend to do anything for me, I had as well know it and quit you first as last. You seem to have a spite at me for some reason or other—I don't know what I've done—I guess my principal fault is that I am so much like you!" He almost screamed out the last words.

"Now, look here, young man, storming is entirely unnecessary." Mr. Morgan's voice seemed to have settled down in his throat. "I don't know where you learn such language. You certainly don't learn it at home, nor from your mother's people nor mine. You have been associating too much with your friends, the Wigginses; and if you continue to talk that way, I shall advise you to go to them and stay. Do you hear that—to go to them and stay?" The old man's voice was lower than usual, but the words were very distinct.

"Well, I'd rather live there," cried George, "where I am treated like a man, than live here and be treated like a dog!"

Mr. Morgan rose out of his chair, and his voice trembled with anger.

"Now go!" he cried. "I tell you, go! Get out of this house, and don't you come back. I never want to see your face again."

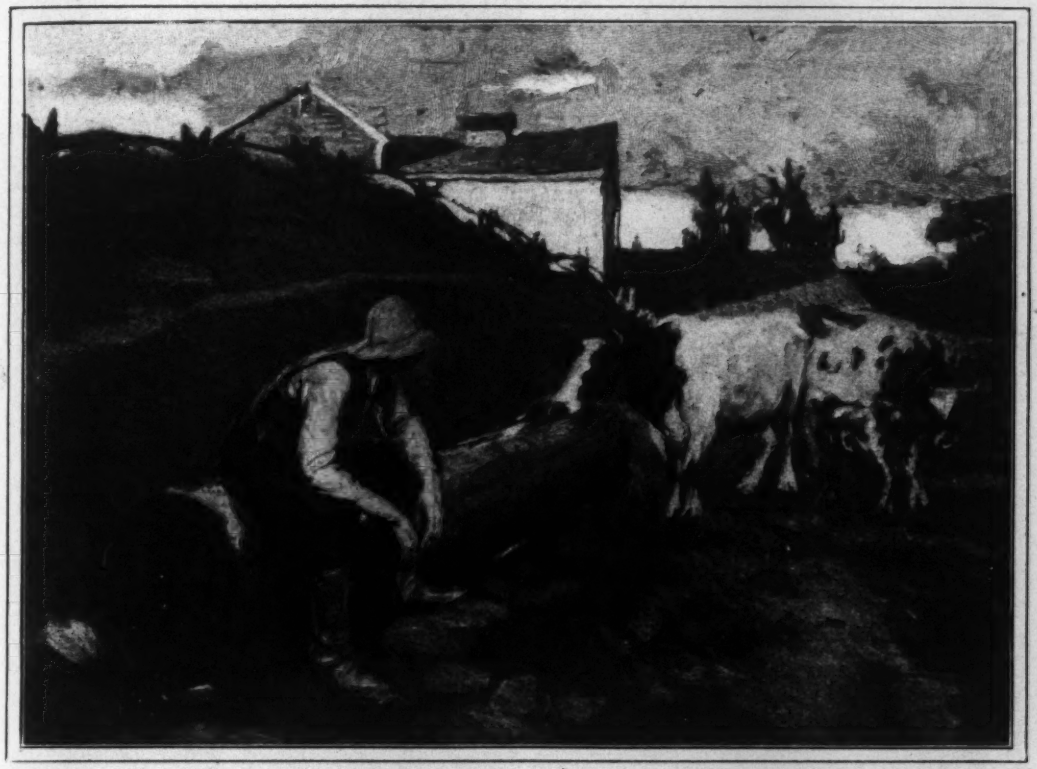
The young man walked off the porch muttering something that his father did not hear, and disappeared in the darkness.

In the greater darkness just inside the door of the house stood a sad listener to this quarrel. Tears ran down her cheeks, and her heart seemed about to break, but she did not dare come out and try to pacify the angry men. When her son left, she went silently away, for fear her husband should come in and find her there. She did not care to meet him until she found out what she ought to do. She went to a bedroom that was only used for company, and there sat on the side of the bed. Her mind was in confusion. She could not form a single clear thought. She only knew that her husband and son had quarreled, and that her son had been driven away from home. She also had a vague idea that something must be done, and done soon. But *what?* On *that* her mind would offer no suggestion. "Oh, God," she whispered, "what can I do to save them from this great sorrow they have brought upon themselves?"

She slid down upon her poor, cracking knees, and buried her face in the covers on the bed. Then she poured forth her sorrows to the only Being she knew who could fully sympathize with her. She begged God to tell her what she ought to do. She asked that her son be taught more duty to his father, and to appreciate how kind his father had been to him already; and that her husband be made more gentle and kind to his son. She asked Him to reconcile them to each other and bind them closer together than they were before. With her tears and her prayer the bitterness of her sorrow somewhat spent itself, and when she arose from her knees she felt that her prayer would be answered.

When George left the house, he went to the barn. He had no definite object in going there, but went mechanically. It was the natural goal for him in his stupefied condition. His anger had gone, but there had not come in the place of it either sorrow or regret; in fact, complete comprehension had not come. He knew that he had been ordered away from home, but he did not connect that with his not being there in the future; it did not seem that it would be separating him from his mother—or even his father. He sat down on a pile of lumber at the end of the building. Behind him a horse delved in a manger for hay, and sneezed the dust from his nose every moment. The night was very dark; perfect blackness began at an arm's length. The light of the lightning from some distant storm could be seen playing low on the horizon. Frogs in a pond a quarter of a mile away kept up a dreary concert.

But George noticed none of this; he sat in a stupor, looking toward the invisible ground. How long he sat in this way he did not know, but rain began falling, and he



"THIS PEACEFUL SCENE SET GEORGE TO DREAMING. . . . 'AND SUPPOSE I'D TAKE THE PLACE AND RUN IT.'"

moved under the shelter of a shed, and sat on a sill. The rain poured down for a few minutes, and then stopped as suddenly as it began. Soon after it stopped, George heard his mother calling him in a doubtful voice from the other corner of the barn. There was that timidity in it that a voice usually has when its owner has doubts of being heard. She was afraid that he had gone away on his horse before she got there.

"George!" she repeated a little louder.

"Yes'm," he answered.

"Where are you?"

"Here," was his absurd reply.

She went in the direction of the voice.

"George, I have come to get you to go back to the house. Your father says for you to."

"Well, I guess I have stood it long enough. I don't see that it is anybody's business who I marry."

"Oh, George, we are all interested in you, and want to see you do well."

"Then you side with pa," he said sullenly.

"Oh, no, I don't. I think he is wrong to speak so harshly. He ought to talk with you and advise you, if he thinks you are wrong, but he oughtn't to be so harsh." She paused for a moment, and as he did not answer she went on. "Jenny is an awfully nice girl, but pa thinks she would be a burden to you because she has got the—because she is sick so much. He doesn't like the Wigginses, but he wouldn't refuse if Jenny was well and strong. A wife can be a great help to a man, or a great load."

"The load 'uld be on me and nobody else," George almost sobbed. As his mother talked, the hopelessness and sadness of his position came to him.

"I know," she went on; "but you don't know how much we are interested in you. You can't imagine how much a father and mother love their children and want them to do well. When you were a little baby and lay in your cradle, I thought that I loved you so much that I could not love you more, but I love you more now than I did then. You are a man, and feel like a man; but you are little to us yet, and we want to guide and advise you just the same. We've had experience, and know the hardships of life, and we would like to give our knowledge to you, and save you as much sorrow and pain as we can."

She paused, and George said huskily: "You aren't saving me much sorrow."

"But, George, we may be. Things might

be worse. You are young yet, and so is Jenny. She may get well, and then you can get married. But I wouldn't say anything more about it now; let it drop for awhile." With more coaxing and encouragement she succeeded in influencing him, and the two went to the house together. They found Mr. Morgan reading a paper. The father's and son's eyes met in a half-defiant and half-embarrassed look. The young man sat in the back of the room, while the father continued reading. Neither wanted to make any advances; each wanted to feel that the other was doing the bending. George soon went to his room, and the others retired not long after him. The next morning the relations, though still constrained, were easier, and became more and more so, until at the end of a week the two men were back in their old position as far as appearances went.

"JENNY WAS JUST THE GIRL TO FILL A SIMPLE HEART."

The fall work went on as usual about the farm, and no further reference was made to marriage nor to the Wigginses. George did his work as well as before, but at times he was very moody. Sometimes he was so much so, especially during the first of each week, that Mrs. Morgan feared another outbreak. She knew that he went to see Jenny as often as usual, but he never said anything about her. They heard of her from other sources, and usually that she was getting worse.

It was on one pleasant day in December, about four o'clock, that the small Wiggins boy came down the road toward the Morgans' house. He stopped at the gate leading into the yard, and peeped through the fence cautiously, as though he were about to enter a lot full of wild bulls. When he was satisfied that it was safe, he tried to open the gate, but the fastening was not like the ones used on his father's farm, and he could not do it. He worked at it thoughtfully for a while, then took another look at the house between

the bars. He concluded that the house was not coming to him and that he must get on the other side of the fence to go to it. He took an envelope out of his pocket, poked it through a crack in the fence, then got down on his hands and knees and crawled under the gate. He looked at the house again, evidently feeling that he had burnt the bridge behind him when he was attacking the enemy, instead of when he was retreating. But he had his instructions, and was going to get a reward when he got home, so he picked up the envelope, put it in his pocket, and proceeded. He went around to the back door, opened it, and looked in, never deigning to knock. Mrs. Morgan was in the kitchen getting supper, and hearing the door open, looked around. There stood staring at her a small boy that she did not remember having seen before.

"Howdy do?" she said pleasantly to him.

"Howdy?" the answer came back.

"Won't you come in?" she asked him.

"Where's George?" was his reply.

"He hasn't got home yet. Do you want to see him?"

"Yessum."

"Well, you will have to come in and wait until he comes. He'll be here in a little bit, I think."

The child came in, and sat down in the chair she pointed to.

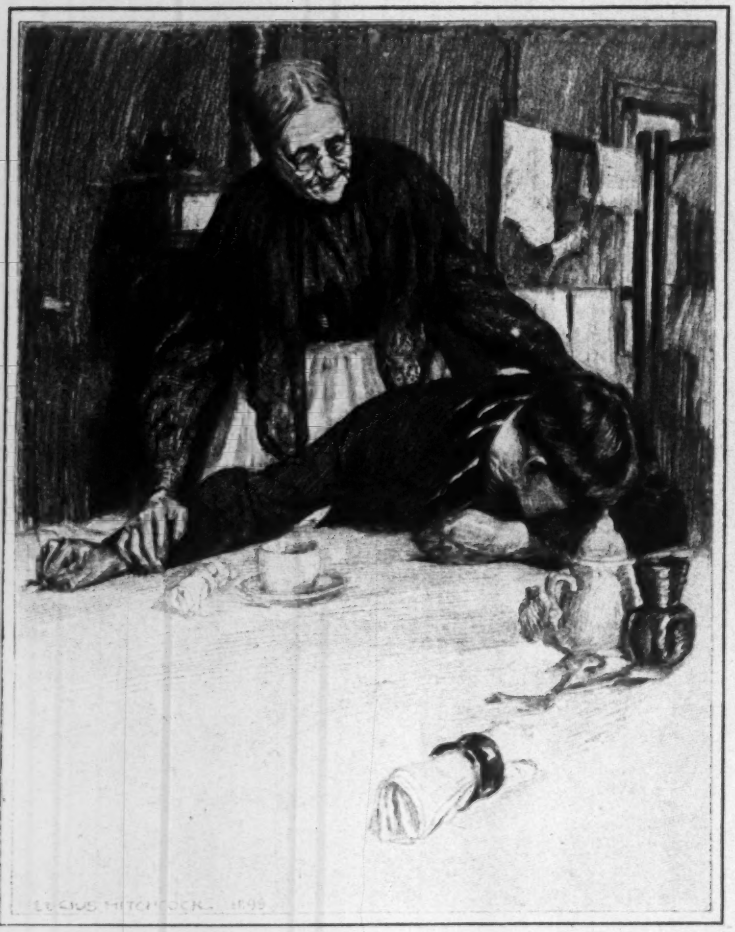
"What do you want to see George about?" she asked, thinking she would open a conversation with him.

"Oh, nothin'," he answered.

"Where do you live?" she then asked him.

"Over yonder," with a jerk of his head in no particular direction.

"TEARS RAN DOWN HER CHEEKS, AND HER HEART SEEMED ABOUT TO BREAK."



"SHE CLUNG TO HIS HAND AS HE DROPPED INTO A CHAIR."

She did not seem to be learning much, but she was not discouraged. She brought him a cooky, and asked, "What's your name?"

"Charley Wiggins."

"Oh!" she exclaimed. Then the conversation dropped, such as it was, and she continued getting supper, while he sat and watched her with wide-open eyes. Supper was almost ready when George came in. Seeing the small boy sitting behind the stove, he exclaimed: "Hello, Charley; what you doin' here?"

Charley said: "Oh, nothin'," handed him the letter, and went out of the back door without any sort of a farewell. He had evidently had it drilled into him that the Morgans in general were a bad lot of people.

George opened the note, read it, and went out of the door after Charley, but he was far up the road, hurrying home to get his reward. Seeing there was little hope of overhauling him, George went to the barn and began saddling his horse. His mother came out, and standing in the stable-door with her apron twisted around her head, asked what the matter was.

"I'm going to the Wigginses'; she's worse." And with a trembling hand he tried to put the bit in his horse's mouth; but she had not yet finished her corn, and coolly shoved his hand away to begin eating again. George was in no humor for such playfulness, and slapped her on the head. The sensitive horse leaped to the other side of the stall, and looked at him in astonishment. She had never felt such a thing before.

"You must come in and get some supper before you go. It's all ready," said Mrs. Morgan.

"I'm not hungry, and I haven't time," he said shortly.

He seldom spoke rudely to her, and she knew that he must be greatly worried.

The horse was bridled and saddled and ready to lead out, when George thought of the old clothes he had on.

"I must change my coat," he said to his mother, and ran to the house.

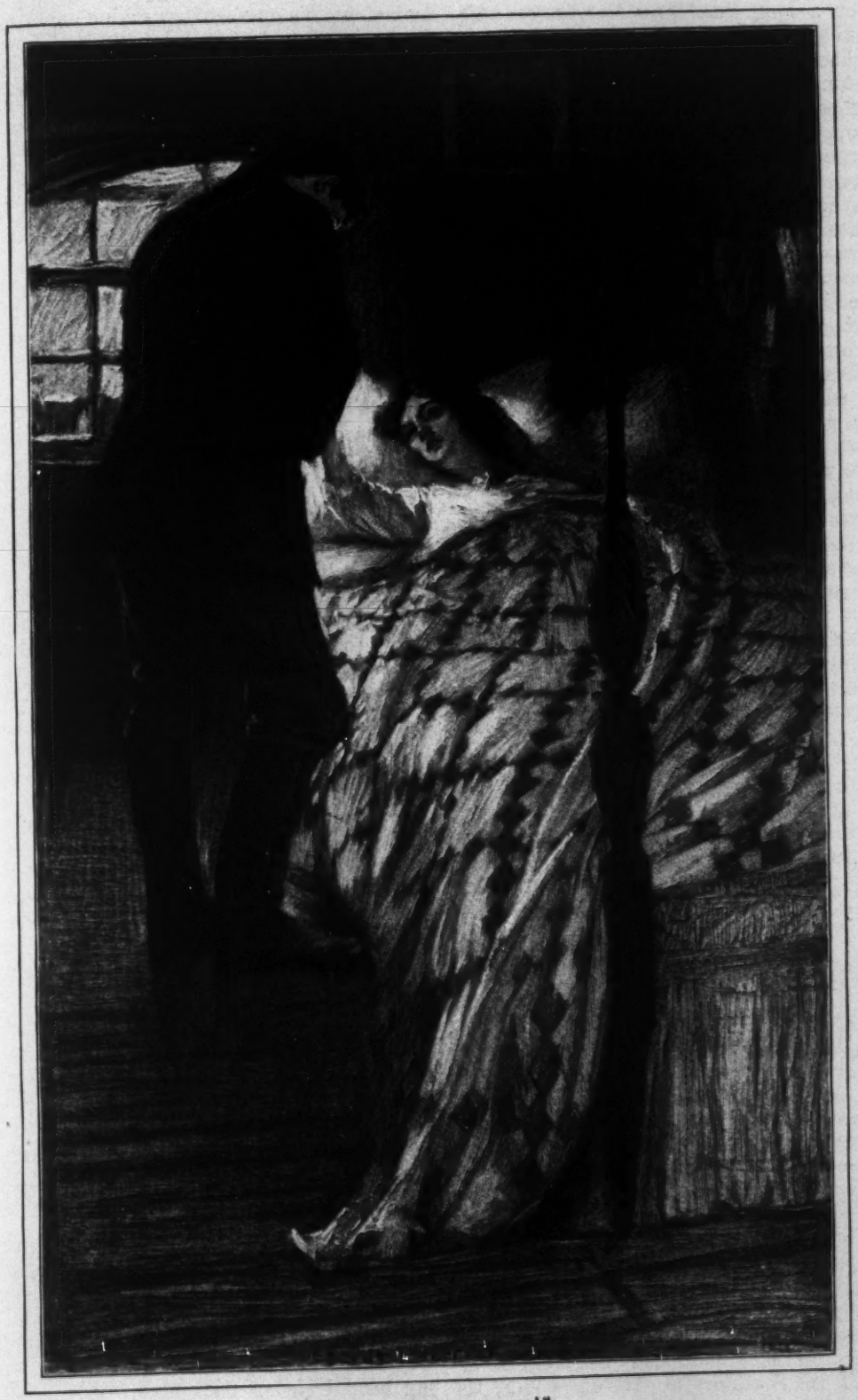
The horse began eating again with the bit in her mouth. Mrs. Morgan patted her neck and sides.

"Jenny, my beauty," she said, "he slapped you, but he did not mean it—no, he didn't."

She thought of her supper, and hurried to the house. On the way she met George coming back.

"You won't be gone long, will you?" she asked.

"I don't know," he said. "Here, read this; I must hurry," and he handed her the letter. The air was chilly, and she hurried to the house before she looked into it; then she read: "Dear George, the doctor says that Jenny cannot live through the night. Please come quick.—Lizzy."



"'SHE LOOKED SO HAPPY.'"

For a long time Mrs. Morgan sat still, thinking of her unhappy son and her poor neighbors. Tears of sympathy ran down her cheeks. At last with a sigh she went into another room, and told her husband to come to supper. At the table she told him where George had gone, and on what occasion. After supper the evening was passed in silence. Mr. Morgan went to bed as early as usual, but his wife sat up waiting for George to come home, and to give him his supper. But he had not returned at ten o'clock, and she went to bed with a heavy heart. She was awakened often in the night by horses galloping along the road, but none of them stopped at their gate. Next morning, when she got up, she went to George's room to see if he had come home in the night, but the bed had not been slept in and there were no signs of his return. She got breakfast while her husband did George's morning work. She delayed calling her husband to breakfast as long as possible, but at last she despaired of George's coming, and they ate. They had barely finished their silent meal when they heard a click of the latch of the barn-lot gate. They saw George leading his horse to the barn. After he had fed her, he came slowly to the house. When he came in, his mother took his hand and looked into his eyes without saying anything. He returned the look in a dazed sort of a way for a short time, then burst into tears and turned away. She clung to his hand as he dropped into a chair and hid his face in his other arm on the table. She moved a few dishes out of his way, and whispered her sympathy into his ear, for she knew what had happened. With his face muffled in his left arm he sobbed out his sorrow rather than talked.

"Oh, I'm a miserable wretch! She thought I did not want to marry her. I was ashamed to tell her that I put it off because pa objected. She thought I didn't want to."

Mr. Morgan sat at the other end of the table and played nervously with his coffee cup.

"And last night she said," he went on, "'George, *I'm* going to postpone it this time.' I told her then that pa made me. She looked so happy. She said: 'Tell your pa that I'm sorry he didn't like me.' She said: 'Tell him that I won't bother him any more.' She was easy at the last, and didn't suffer any. She said she would be happy where she was going, for she would have a new body, and wouldn't be sick there, and that when pa sees her in heaven he will not object to our marrying there."

THE DEATH OF ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

By Ida M. Tarbell,

Author of "The Early Life of Lincoln."

"THE war is over." Throughout the breadth of the North this was the jubilant cry with which people greeted one another on the morning of April 14, 1865. For ten days reports of victories had been coming to them; Petersburg evacuated, Richmond fallen, Jefferson Davis and his cabinet fled, Lee surrendered, Mobile captured. Nothing of the Confederacy, in short, remained but Johnston's army, and it was generally believed that its surrender to Sherman was but a matter of hours. How completely the conflict was at an end, however, the people of the North had not realized until they read in their newspapers, on that Good Friday morning, an order of the Secretary of War suspending the draft, stopping the purchase of military supplies, and removing military restrictions from trade. The war was over indeed.

Such a day of rejoicing as followed the world has rarely seen. At Fort Sumter scores of well-known citizens of the North, among them Henry Ward Beecher, William Lloyd Garrison, General Robert Anderson, and Theodore Tilton, raised over the black and shattered pile the flag which four years ago Charleston, now lying desolate and wasted, had dragged down.

Cities and towns, hamlets and country road-sides blossomed with flags and bunting. Stock exchanges met to pass resolutions. Bells rang. Every man who could make a speech was on his feet. It was a Millennium Day, restoring broken homes, quieting aching hearts, easing distracted minds. Even those who mourned—and who could count

the number whom that dreadful four years had stripped of those they held dearest?—even those who mourned exulted. Their dead had saved a nation, freed a people. And so a subtle joy, mingled triumph, resignation, and hope, swept over the North. It was with all men as James Russell Lowell wrote to his friend Norton that it was with him: "The news, my dear Charles, is from Heaven. I felt a strange and tender exaltation. I wanted to laugh and I wanted to cry, and ended by holding my peace and feeling devoutly thankful."

One man before all others in the nation felt and showed his gladness that day—the President, Abraham Lincoln. For weeks now he had seen the end approaching, and little by little he had been thankfully laying aside the ways of war and returning to those of peace. His soul, tuned by nature to gentleness and good-will, had been for four years forced to lead in a pitiless war. Now his duties were to "bind up the nation's wounds; to care for him who shall have borne the battle, and for his widow, and his orphan;" to devise plans by which the members of the restored Union could live together in harmony, to plan for the future of the four million human beings to whom he had given freedom. All those who were with him at this time remarked the change in his feelings and his ways. He seemed to be aroused to a new sense of the beauty of peace and rest. For the first time since he entered the Presidency he took a holiday. He loved to linger in quiet spots, and he read over and over with infinite satisfaction lines of poetry which expressed repose. The perfect tranquillity in death seemed especially to appeal to him. Mrs. Lincoln related to her friend, Isaac Arnold, that, while visiting Grant's headquarters, at City Point, in April, she was driving one day with her husband along the banks of the James, when they passed a country graveyard. "It was a retired place, shaded with trees, and early spring flowers were opening on nearly every grave. It was so quiet and attractive that they stopped the carriage and walked through it. Mr. Lincoln seemed thoughtful and impressed. He said: 'Mary, you are younger than I. You will survive me. When I am gone, lay my remains in some quiet place like this.'"

A few days after this, as he was sailing down the James bound for Washington, Charles Sumner, who was in the party, was much impressed by the tone and manner in which Mr. Lincoln read aloud two or three times a passage from Macbeth:

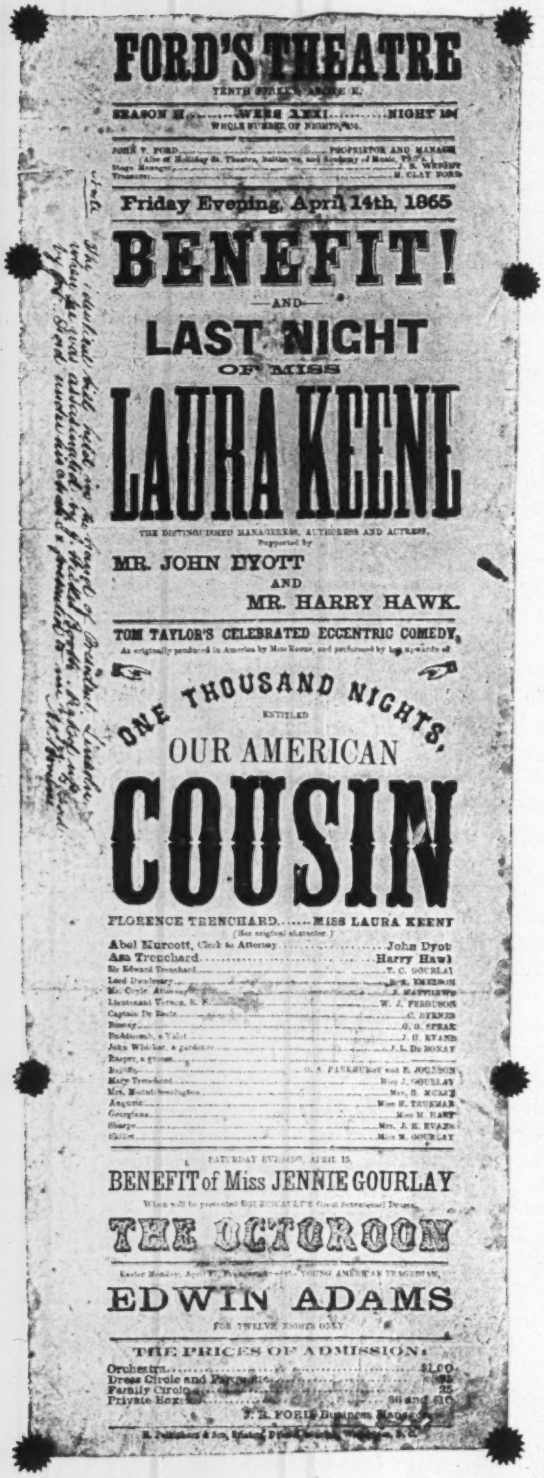
> "Duncan is in his grave;
> After life's fitful fever, he sleeps well;
> Treason has done his worst: nor steel, nor poison,
> Malice domestic, foreign levy, nothing,
> Can touch him further!"

There was a marked change in his appearance. All through 1863 and 1864 his thin face had day by day grown more haggard, its lines had deepened, its pallor had become a more ghastly gray. His eye, always sad when he was in thought, had a look of unutterable grief. Through all these months Lincoln was, in fact, consumed by sorrow. "I think I shall never be glad again," he said once to a friend. But as one by one the weights lifted, a change came over him; his form straightened, his face cleared, the lines became less accentuated. "His whole appearance, poise, and bearing had marvelously changed," says the Hon. James Harlan. "He was, in fact, transfigured. That indescribable sadness which had previously seemed to be an adamantine element of his very being, had been suddenly changed for an equally indescribable expression of serene joy, as if conscious that the great purpose of his life had been achieved."*

Never since he had become convinced that the end of the war was near had Mr. Lincoln seemed to his friends more glad, more serene, than on the 14th of April. The morning was soft and sunny in Washington, and as the spring was early in 1865, the Judas-trees and the dogwood were blossoming on the hillsides, the willows were green along the Potomac, and in the parks and gardens the lilacs bloomed—a day of promise and joy to which the whole town responded. Indeed, ever since the news of the fall of Richmond reached Washington the town had been indulging in an almost unbroken celebration, each new victory arousing a fresh outburst and rekindling enthusiasm. On the night of the 13th, there had been a splendid illumination, and on the 14th, the rejoicing went on. The suspension of the draft and the presence of Grant in town—come this time not to plan new campaigns, but to talk of peace and reconstruction—seemed to furnish special reason for celebrating.

At the White House the family party which met at breakfast was unusually happy. Captain Robert Lincoln, the President's oldest son, then an aide-de-camp on Grant's staff, had arrived that morning, and the closing scenes of Grant's campaign were discussed with the deepest interest by father

* From an unpublished manuscript, "Recollections of Abraham Lincoln."



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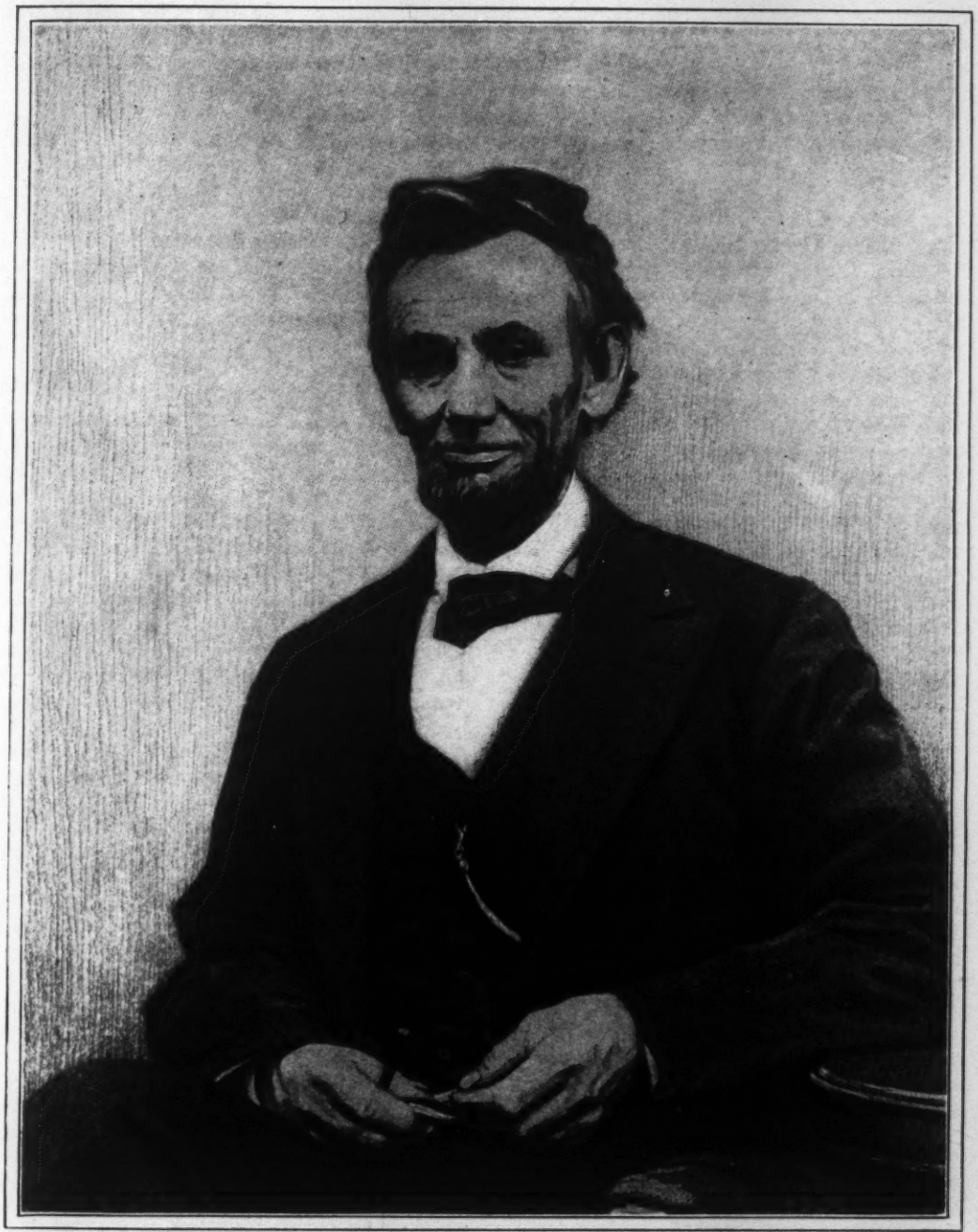
The original (now owned by J. S. Case of Brooklyn) was found by J. T. Ford, proprietor of the theater, beside the chair in which the President sat at the time of the tragedy.

and son. Soon after breakfast the President received Schuyler Colfax, who was about to leave for the West, and later in the morning the cabinet met, Friday being its regular day. General Grant was invited to remain to its session. There was the greatest interest at the moment in General Sherman's movements, and Grant was plied with questions by the cabinet. The President was least anxious of all. The news would soon come, he said, and it would be favorable. He had no doubt of this, for the night before he had had a dream which had preceded nearly every important event of the war.

"He said it was in my department, it related to the water," Secretary Welles afterward wrote; "that he seemed to be in a singular and indescribable vessel, but always the same, and that he was moving with great rapidity toward a dark and indefinite shore; that he had had this singular dream preceding the firing on Sumter; the battles of Bull Run, Antietam, Gettysburg, Stone River, Vicksburg, Wilmington, etc. . . . Victory did not always follow his dream, but the event and results were important. He had no doubt that a battle had taken place, or was about being fought, 'and Johnston will be beaten, for I had this strange dream again last night. It must relate to Sherman; my thoughts are in that direction, and *I know of no other very important event which is likely just now to occur.*'"

The greater part of the meeting was taken up with a discussion of the policy of reconstruction. How were they to treat the States and the men who had tried to leave the Union, but who now were forced back into their old relations? How could practical civil government be reëstablished; how could trade be restored between North and South; what should be done with those who had led the States to revolt? The President urged his cabinet to consider carefully all these questions, and he warned them emphatically, Mr. Welles says, that he did not sympathize with and would not participate in any feelings of hate and vindictiveness. "He hoped there would be no persecution, no bloody work, after the war was over. None need expect he would take any part in hanging or killing these men, even the worst of them. Frighten them out of the country, let down the bars, scare them off, said he, throwing up his hands



THE LAST PORTRAIT OF PRESIDENT LINCOLN, TAKEN APRIL 9, 1865, THE SUNDAY BEFORE HIS ASSASSINATION.

Drawn from a photograph made by Alexander Gardner, photographer to the Army of the Potomac, while the President was sharpening a pencil for his son Tad. Copyright, 1894, by Watson Porter.

as if scaring sheep. Enough lives have been sacrificed. We must extinguish our resentment if we expect harmony and union. There was too much desire on the part of our very good friends to be masters, to interfere with and dictate to those States, to treat the people not as fellow-citizens; there was too little respect for their rights. He didn't sympathize in these feelings."

The impression he made on all the cabinet that day was expressed twenty-four hours later by Secretary Stanton: "He was more

cheerful and happy than I had ever seen him, rejoiced at the near prospect of firm and durable peace at home and abroad, manifested in marked degree the kindness and humanity of his disposition, and the tender and forgiving spirit that so eminently distinguished him."

In the afternoon the President went for his usual drive. Only Mrs. Lincoln was with him. Years afterward Mrs. Lincoln related to Isaac Arnold what she remembered of Mr. Lincoln's words that day: "Mary," he said, "we have had a hard time of it since we came to Washington; but the war is over, and with God's blessing we may hope for four years of peace and happiness, and then we will go back to Illinois, and pass the rest of our lives in quiet. We have laid by some money, and during this term we will try and save up more, but shall not have enough to support us. We will go back to Illinois, and I will open a law office at Springfield or Chicago, and practice law, and at least do enough to help give us a livelihood."

It was late in the afternoon when he returned from his drive, and as he left his carriage he saw going across the lawn toward the Treasury a group of friends, among them Richard Oglesby, then Governor of Illinois. "Come back, boys, come back," he shouted. The party turned, and joined the President on the portico, and went up to his office with him.

"How long we remained there I do not remember," says Governor Oglesby. "Lincoln got to reading some humorous book; I think it was by 'John Phœnix.' They kept sending for him to come to dinner. He promised each time to go, but would continue reading the book. Finally he got a sort of peremptory order that he must come to dinner at once. It was explained to me by the old man at the door that they were going to have dinner and then go to the theater." *

A theater party had been made up by Mrs. Lincoln for that evening—General and Mrs. Grant being her guests—to see Laura Keene, at Ford's Theater, in "Our American Cousin." Miss Keene was ending her season in Washington that night with a benefit. The box had been ordered in the morning, and unusual preparations had been made to receive the Presidential party. The partition between the two upper proscenium boxes at the left of the stage had been removed, comfortable upholstered chairs had been put in, and the front of the box had been draped with flags. The manager, of course, took care to announce in the afternoon papers that the "President and his Lady" and the "Hero of Appomattox" would attend Miss Keene's benefit that evening.

By eight o'clock the house was filled with the half-idle, half-curious crowd of a holiday night. Many had come simply to see General Grant, whose face was then unfamiliar in Washington. Others, strolling down the street, had dropped in because they had nothing better to do. The play began promptly, the house following its nonsensical fun with friendly eyes and generous applause, one eye on the President's box.

The Presidential party was late. Indeed it had not left the White House until after eight o'clock, and then it was made up differently from what Mrs. Lincoln had expected, for in the afternoon she had received word that General and Mrs. Grant had decided to go North that night. It was suggested then that the party be given up, but the fear that the public would be disappointed decided the President to keep the engagement. Two young friends, the daughter of Senator Ira Harris and his stepson, Major H. R. Rathbone, had been invited to take the place of General and Mrs. Grant.

Schuyler Colfax and Mr. Ashmun, of Massachusetts, had called early in the evening, and the President had talked with them a little while. He rose finally with evident regret to go to his carriage. The two gentlemen accompanied him to the door, and he paused there long enough to write on a card, "Admit Mr. Ashmun and friend to-morrow morning at nine o'clock." As he shook hands with them he said to Mr. Colfax: "Colfax, don't forget to tell those people in the mining regions what I told you this morning." Then, entering the carriage, he was driven to the theater on Tenth Street, between E and F.

When the Presidential party finally entered the theater, making its way along the gallery behind the seats of the dress circle, the orchestra broke into "Hail to the Chief," and the people, rising in their seats and waving hats and handkerchiefs, cheered and cheered, the actors on the stage standing silent in the meantime. The party passed through the narrow entrance into the box, and the several members laid aside their wraps, and bowing and smiling to the enthusiastic crowd below, seated themselves, Mr. Lincoln in a large arm-chair at the left, Mrs. Lincoln next to him, Miss Harris next, and to the extreme right, a little behind Miss Harris, Major Rathbone; and then the play went on.

* Interview for McClure's Magazine.

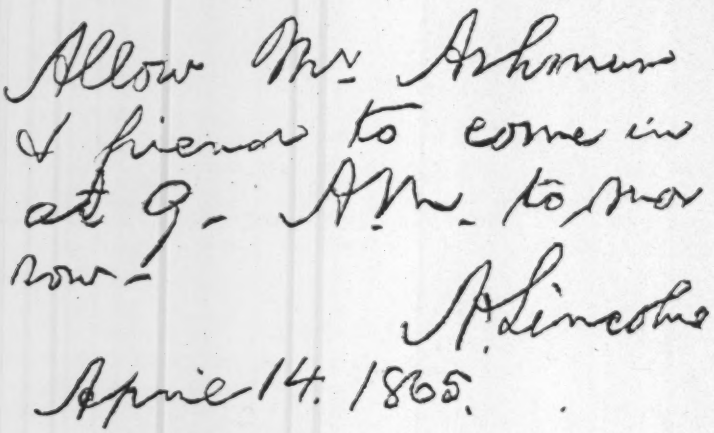
MARY TODD LINCOLN, WIFE OF PRESIDENT LINCOLN.

From a photograph taken by Brady, in the War Department Collection of Civil War Photographs.

The party in the box was well entertained, it seemed, especially the President, who laughed good-humoredly at the jokes and chatted cheerfully between the acts. He moved from his seat but once, rising then to put on his overcoat, for the house was chilly. The audience was well entertained, too, though not a few kept an eye on the box entrance, still expecting General Grant. The few whose eyes sought the box now and then noticed, in the second scene of the third act, that a man was passing behind the seats of the dress circle and approaching the entrance to the box. Those who did not

know him noticed that he was strikingly handsome, though very pale; that was all. They did not look again. It was not General Grant.

One man did watch him. He knew him, and wanted to see who in the Presidential box it could be that he knew well enough to call on in the middle of an act. If any attendant saw him, there was no question of his movements. He was a privileged person in the theater, having free entrance to every corner. He had been there in the course of the day; he had passed out and in once or twice during the evening.



THE LAST BIT OF WRITING DONE BY LINCOLN.

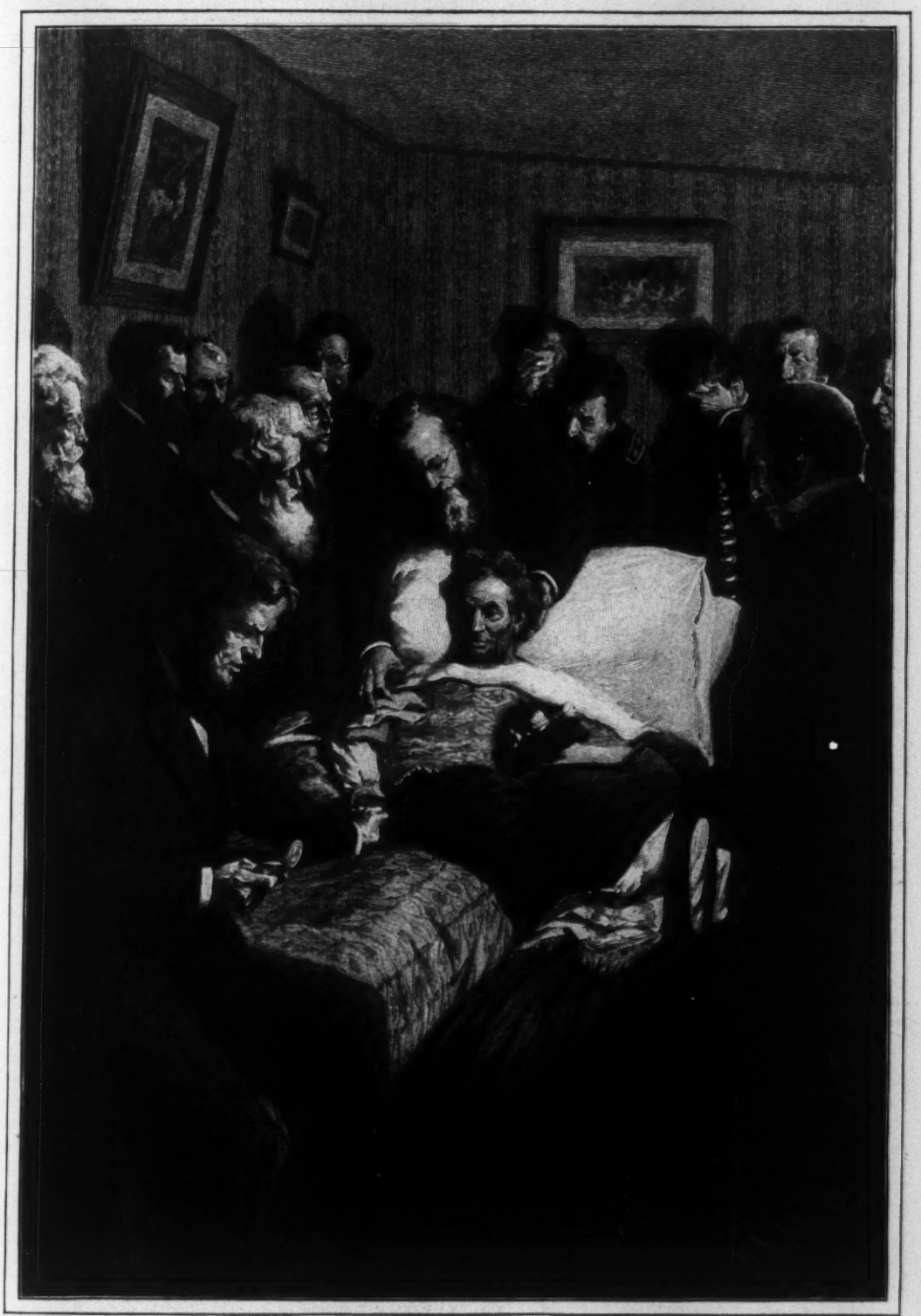
Loaned by G. A. Morton, New Haven, Connecticut.

Crowding behind some loose chairs in the aisle, the man took from his pocket a package of visiting cards, and, selecting one, gave it to the messenger at the door, saying he knew the President. A moment later he passed out of sight through the door leading into the passage behind the box. He closed the door behind him, and did a curious thing for a visitor to a theater party. He picked up a piece of stout plank which he seemed to know just where to find, and slipped one end into a hole gouged into the wall close to the door-casing. The plank extended across the door, making a rough but effective bolt. Turning to the door which led from the passage to the boxes, he may have peered through a tiny hole which had been drilled through the panel. If he did, he saw a quiet party intent on the play, the President just then smiling over a bit of homely wit.

Opening the door so quietly that no one heard him, the man entered the box. Then if any eye in the house could but have looked, if one head in the box had been turned, it would have been seen that the man held in his right hand a Derringer revolver, and that he raised the weapon and aimed it steadily at the head of the smiling President.

No eye saw him, but a second later and every ear heard a pistol shot. Those in the house unfamiliar with the play thought it a part of the performance, and waited expectant. Those familiar with "Our American Cousin," the orchestra, attendants, actors, searched in amazement to see from where the sound came. Only three persons in all the house knew just where it was—three of the four in the box knew it was there by their side—a tragedy. The fourth saw nothing, heard nothing, thought nothing. His head had fallen quietly on his breast, his arms had relaxed a little, the smile was still on his lips.

Then from the box, now filled with white smoke, came a woman's sharp cry, and there was a sound of a struggle. Major Rathbone, at the sound of the shot, had sprung to his feet and grappled with the stranger, who now had a dagger in his hand, and who struck viciously with it at the Major's heart. He, warding the blow from his breast, received it in his upper arm, and his hold relaxed. The stranger sprang to the balustrade of the box as if about to leap, but Major Rathbone caught at his garments. They were torn from his grasp, and the man vaulted toward the stage, a light, agile leap, which turned to a plunge as the silken flag in front caught at a stirrup on his boot. As the man struck the floor his left leg bent and a bone snapped, but instantly he was up; and limping to the middle of the stage, a long strip of the silken banner trailing from his stirrup, he turned full on the house, which still stared straight ahead, searching for the meaning of the muffled pistol shot. Brandishing his dagger and shouting—so many thought, though there were others whose ears were so frozen with amazement that they heard nothing—"*Sic semper tyrannis!*" he turned to fly. Not, however, before more than one person in the house had said to himself, "Why, it is John Wilkes Booth!" Not before others had realized that the shot was that of a murderer, that the woman's cry in the box came from Mrs. Lincoln, that the



WATCHING AT THE BEDSIDE OF THE DYING PRESIDENT ON THE NIGHT OF APRIL 14 AND 15, 1865.

President in all the turmoil alone sat calm, his head unmoved on his breast. As these few grasped the awful meaning of the confused scene, it seemed to them that they could not rise nor cry out. They stretched out inarticulate arms, struggling to tear themselves from the nightmare which held them. When strength and voice did return, they plunged over the seats, forgetting their companions, bruising themselves, and clambered to the stage, crying aloud in rage and despair, "Hang him, hang him!" But Booth, though his leg was broken, was too quick. He struck with his dagger at one who caught him, plunged through a familiar back exit, and, leaping upon a horse standing ready for him, fled. When those who pursued reached the street, they heard only the rapidly receding clatter of a horse's hoofs.

But while a few in the house pursued Booth, others had thought only of reaching the box. The stage was now full of actors in their paint and furbelows, musicians with their instruments, men in evening dress, officers in uniform—a motley, wild-eyed crowd which, as Miss Harris appeared at the edge of the box crying out, "Bring water. Has any one stimulants?" demanded, "What is it? What is the matter?"

"The President is shot," was her reply.

A surgeon was helped over the balustrade into the box. The star of the evening, whose triumph this was to have been, strove to calm the distracted throng; then she, too, sought the box. Major Rathbone, who first of all in the house had realized that a foul crime had been attempted, had turned from his unsuccessful attempt to stop the murderer to see that it was the President who had been shot. He had rushed to the door of the passage, where men were already beating in a furious effort to gain admission, and had found it barred. It was an instant before he could pull away the plank, explain the tragedy, demand surgeons, and press back the crowd.

The physicians admitted lifted the silent figure, still sitting calmly in the chair, stretched it on the floor, and began to tear away the clothing to find the wound, which they supposed was in the breast. It was a moment before it was discovered that the ball had entered the head back of the left ear and was imbedded in the brain.

There seemed to be but one desire then: that was to get the wounded man from the scene of the murder. Two persons lifted him, and the stricken party passed from the box, through the dress circle, down the stairs into the street, the blood dripping from the wound faster and faster as they went. No one seemed to know where they were going, for as they reached the street there was a helpless pause and an appeal from the bearers, "Where shall we take him?" Across the street, on the high front steps of a plain, three-storied brick house, stood a man, who but a moment before had left the theater, rather bored by the play. He had seen, as he stood there idly wondering if he should go in to bed or not, a violent commotion in the vestibule of the theater; had seen people rushing out, the street filling up, policemen and soldiers appearing. He did not know what it all meant. Then two men bearing a body came from the theater, behind them a woman in evening gown, flowers in her hair, jewels on her neck. She was wringing her hands and moaning. The man on the steps heard some one say, "The President is shot;" heard the bearers of the body asking, "Where shall we take him?" and quickly coming forward, he said, "Bring him here into my room."*

And so the President was carried up the high steps, through a narrow hall, and laid, still unconscious, still motionless, on the bed of a poor, little, commonplace room of a commonplace lodging-house, where surgeons and physicians gathered about in a desperate attempt to rescue him from death.

While the surgeons worked the news was spreading to the town. Every man and woman in the theater rushed forth to tell it. Some ran wildly down the streets, exclaiming to those they met, "The President is killed! The President is killed!" One rushed into a ball-room, and told it to the dancers; another bursting into a room where a party of eminent public men were playing cards, cried, "Lincoln is shot!" Another, running into the auditorium of Grover's Theater, cried, "President Lincoln has been shot in his private box at Ford's Theater." Those who heard the cry thought the man insane or drunk, but a moment later they saw the actors in a combat called from the stage, the manager coming forward. His face was pale, his voice agonized, as he said, "Ladies and gentlemen, I feel it my duty to say to you that the announcement made from the front of the theater just now is true, President Lincoln has been shot." One ran to summon Secretary Stanton. A boy picked up at

*The man who gave his room to the dying President was William T. Clarke, of the Thirteenth Massachusetts Volunteer Infantry, then on detail service in the War Department. Mr. Clarke is now dead, but papers establishing his story are owned by his brother-in-law, Mr. H. E. Wright, of Roxbury, Massachusetts.

THE CAPTURE OF JOHN WILKES BOOTH, THE ASSASSIN OF PRESIDENT LINCOLN.

Booth was tracked from Washington to a farm near Bowling Green, Virginia, where, on the night of April 25th, eleven days after the assassination, he was found in a barn. He refused to surrender, and the barn was set on fire. While it was burning Booth was shot by one of the pursuing party. He died three hours later.

the door of the house where the President lay was sent to the White House for Robert Lincoln. The news spread by the very force of its own horror, and as it spread it met other news no less terrible. At the same hour that Booth had sent the ball into the President's brain, a man had forced his way into the house of Secretary Seward, then lying in bed with a broken arm, and had stabbed both the Secretary and his son Frederick so seriously that it was feared they would die. In his entrance and exit he had wounded three other members of the household. Like Booth, he had escaped. Horror bred rumor, and Secretary Stanton, too, was reported wounded, while later it was said that Grant had been killed on his way North. Dread seized the town. "Rumors are so thick," wrote the editor of the "National Intelligencer" at two o'clock in the morning, "the excitement of this hour is so intense, that we rely entirely upon our reporters to advise the public of the details and result of this night of horrors. Evidently conspirators are among us. To what extent does the conspiracy exist? This is a terrible question. When a spirit so horrible as this is abroad, what man is safe? We can only advise the utmost vigilance and the most prompt measures by the authorities. We can only pray God to shield us, His unworthy people, from further calamities like these."

The civil and military authorities prepared for attack from within and without. Martial law was at once established. The long roll was beaten; every exit from the city was guarded; out-going trains were stopped; mounted police and cavalry clattered up and down the street; the forts were ordered on the alert; guns were manned.

In the meantime there had gathered in the house on Tenth Street, where the President lay, his family physician and intimate friends, as well as many prominent officials. Before they reached him it was known there was no hope, that the wound was fatal. They grouped themselves about the bedside or in the adjoining rooms, trying to comfort the weeping wife, or listening awe-struck to the steady moaning and labored breathing of the unconscious man, which at times could be heard all over the house. Stanton alone seemed able to act methodically. No man felt the tragedy more than the great War Secretary, for no one in the cabinet was by greatness of heart and intellect so well able to comprehend the worth of the dying President; but no man in that distracted night acted with greater energy or calm. Summoning the Assistant Secretary, C. A. Dana, and a stenographer, he began dictating orders to the authorities on all sides, notifying them of the tragedy, directing them what precautions to take, what persons to arrest. Grant, now returning to Washington, he directed should be warned to keep close watch on all persons who came close to him in the cars and to see that an engine be sent in front of his train. He sent out, too, an official account of the assassination. To-day the best brief account of the night's awful work remains the one which Secretary Stanton dictated within sound of the moaning of the dying President.

And so the hours passed without perceptible change in the President's condition, and with only slight shifting of the scene around him. The testimony of those who had witnessed the murder began to be taken in an adjoining room. Occasionally the figures at the bedside changed. Mrs. Lincoln came in at intervals, sobbing out her grief, and then was led away. This man went, another took his place. It was not until daylight that there came a perceptible change. Then the breathing grew quieter, the face became more calm. The doctors at Lincoln's side knew that dissolution was near. Their bulletin of six o'clock read, "Pulse failing;" that of half-past six, "Still failing;" that of seven, "Symptoms of immediate dissolution," and then at twenty-two minutes past seven, in the presence of his son Robert, Secretaries Stanton, Welles, and Usher, Attorney-General Speed, Senator Sumner, Private Secretary Hay, Dr. Gurley, his pastor, and several physicians and friends, Abraham Lincoln died. There was a prayer, and then the solemn voice of Stanton broke the stillness, "Now he belongs to the ages."

Two hours later the body of the President, wrapped in an American flag, was borne from the house in Tenth Street, and carried through the hushed streets, where already thousands of flags were at half-mast and the gay buntings and garlands had been replaced by black draperies, and where the men who for days had been cheering in excess of joy and relief now stood with uncovered heads and wet eyes. They carried him to an upper room in the private apartments of the White House, and there he lay until three days later a heart-broken people claimed their right to look for a last time on his face.